IF THE NAZIS ATTACK

he Strategy of
e Czech Defense

COLONEL STANISLAV YESTER

of the General Staff of the Czechoslovakian Army

Canada's Fascists

TED ALLAN

A Writer Meets His Readers

LION FEUCHTWANGER

"We Popped In on Garner"

MARGUERITE YOUNG

Nature—Bah!

ROBERT FORSYTHE

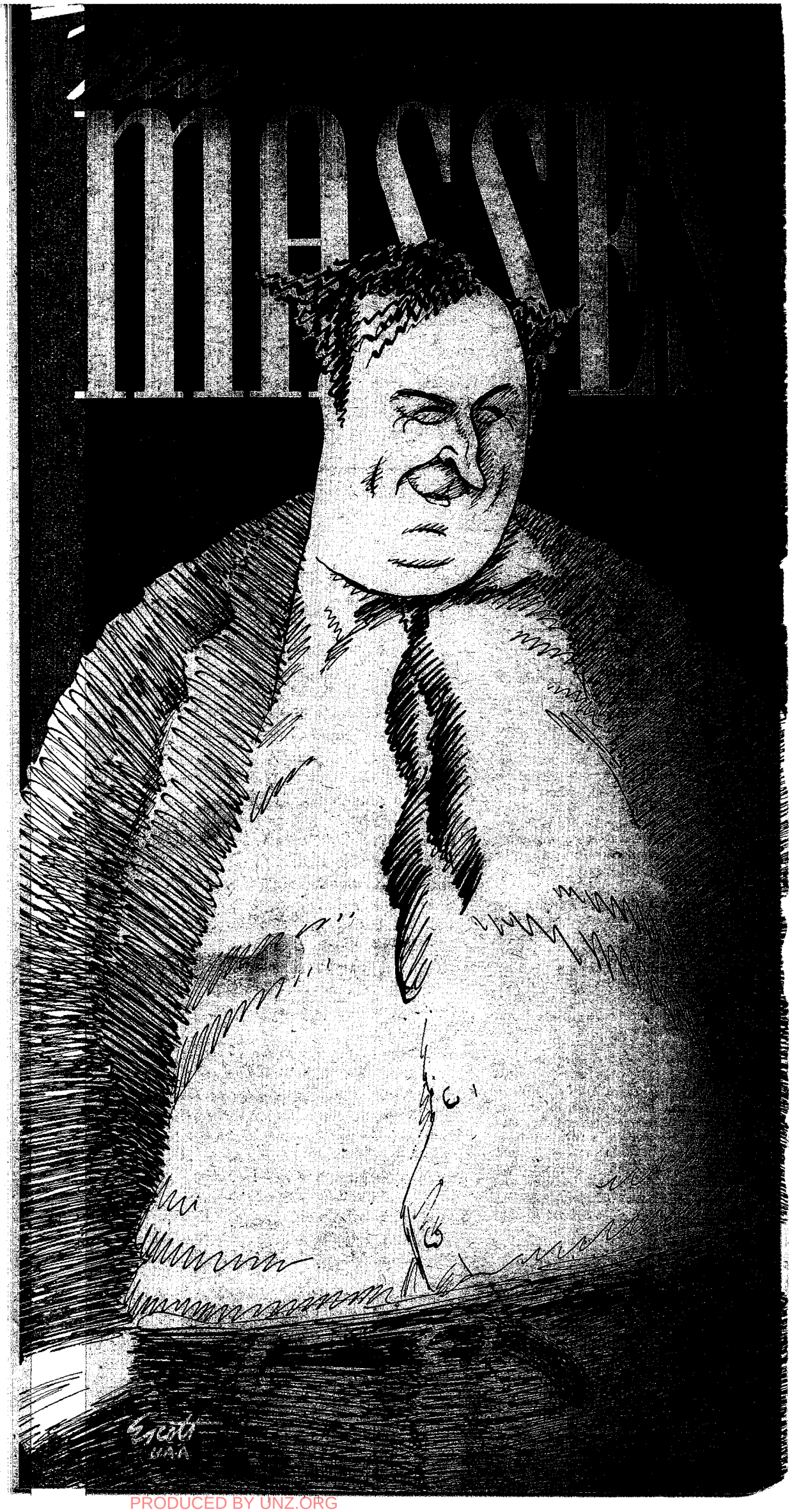
Cartoons by Gropper, Ellis, Richter, Dixon, Hirschfeld, Reinhardt, Yomen, Others

ON THE COVER

Heywood Broun

TURN TO PAGE 10

JUNE 21, 1938



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Between Ourselves

In our early issues we will publish the first of two articles by A. B. Magil, giving a survey of the New Deal from March 1933, to the present day. Using the five-volume *Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt* as a text, these articles will discuss the various forces that have shaped the policies of the administration and show how the New Deal has been transformed from a coalition, in which the reactionaries were at first strongly represented, into a progressive movement around which the democratic front is gathering.

"A Writer Meets His Readers," on page 22, is a translation from the Russian of the preface to the Soviet edition of Lion Feuchtwanger's collected works.

We are $2,293.71 away from the necessary $20,000 as we enter the slack summer months. The figure of $20,000, as we stated at the beginning of the campaign, is an absolute minimum. Stopping at anything short of that would be direct peril to the magazine's existence. We urge readers to wire or airmail contributions to NEW MASSES, 31 East 27th St., New York City.

Two affairs, in New York, on Saturday evening, June 18, deserve attention:

Grupo Mexico has been hard at work for some months raising funds to buy two linotype machines for *Machete*, the anti-fascist paper in Mexico City, now appearing as a daily. Saturday night there will be a fiesta at 69 Bank St., beginning at 8 p. m., in support of this project.

Bob Wood, organizer of the Workers Alliance of Oklahoma, is in New York enlisting help for the work of his organization, which is under terroristic attack from the reactionaries of Oklahoma. Wood, whose letter about the situation in Oklahoma appeared in the May 31 issue of NEW MASSES, will speak at a gathering Saturday evening at 8.30 p. m., at the studio of Ralph Mayer, 240 East 20th St.

Maxwell Bodenheim, who has been a contributor to NEW MASSES, and the old *Masses* before it, for, literally, decades, is fifty years old. His friends feel this calls for celebration, and accordingly, Bodenheim will be the central figure at a birthday party, Friday evening, June 17. The place is the IWO Aviation Club, 11 West 18th St. The public is invited.

In New York City, on June 22, at the Town Hall Club, 123 West 43rd St., at 7 p.m., there will be a dinner-conference of the International Industrial Relations Club. At that time several members of a Mexican labor delegation, who have just returned from a series of conferences in Europe, will describe the oil industry and other vital problems of the Mexican people. Among the speakers will be Vincente Lombardo Toledano, president of Confederation of Workers of Mexico (CTM) and NEW MASSES contributor, and Alejandro Carillo, secretary general of the Workers University in Mexico City.

We had a little fire in our editorial offices early one morning last week. It was the kind described in the official reports as "trifling" and was extinguished by the building superintendent with a well-aimed bucket of water, but it did manage to destroy a number of manuscripts awaiting final disposition. We hope the writers kept copies.

What's What

THE nays are beginning to be heard from in no uncertain terms on the subject of our new typography. "Stated very directly and simply, I think that this thin elongated type is terrible," comments Samuel Robert, publicity director of the IWO. Illegibility is the grave charge brought against the titles of articles, and we are trying to improve this situation with letterspacing. The problem, in changing from full-page titles to two-column ones, was to use a type condensed enough to permit a reasonably full title, and Spire was selected. Almost invariably a change in format calls forth more adverse comment than favorable, as the charm of novelty fights a losing battle with the charm of habit. We are unconvinced, as yet, that the objectors won't get used to the new dress, with modifications.

Hilda Burns, of Boston, writes:

"I believe that good honest torches in a Socialist society would spurt, not 'spurtle,' up, but aside from that I think A. T. Rosen's poem, 'The Pseudo-Suicide,' in your last Literary Section is swell. The same for all the poetry, particularly Sidney Alexander's, in that issue. And how different from the sort of verse you used to print! Time was when I came across verse in your magazine, I just said to myself, 'NEW MASSES poetry,' and turned the page in a hurry so I wouldn't be tempted to read it. Because it did interest me—but so do tough word-games, and I haven't the time.

"So, congratulations. You've really got the kind of poetry now that doesn't smell like a hothouse or stink like Eddie Guest's doggerel. What I mean is, it says something, clearly but without any talking-down, and says it in a way that affects our hearts as well as our much-abused minds."

Edward Lamb, executive vice-president of the National Lawyers Guild, congratulates us and the author, Charles Recht, on the article of last week, "Defense for the Counsel." Mr. Lamb writes: "I also personally want to extend my thanks for the analysis he has made of the proceedings instituted against me at Portsmouth, O., arising out of my defense of a trade union."

THIS WEEK

VOL. XXVII. No. 13

June 21, 1938

If Germany Attacks *by Colonel Stanislav Yester* 3
The Red Army Is Ready 6
Chamberlain Talks Mediation *by Richard Goodman* . . . 7
Lines to a Former Schoolmate *by Irving Lightbown* . . . 8
"We Popped In on Garner" *by Marguerite Young* . . . 8
La Follette Program 9
Howard's Downfall *by George Sherman* 9
Editorial Comment 10
Nature—Bah! *by Robert Forsythe* 13
Farmers Without Farms *by Sanora Babb* 15
Intellectual Slums 17
Lie With Circumstance *by Cora MacAlbert* 17
You Think So? 18
Canada's Fascists *by Ted Allan* 18
Economic Outlook 20
Readers' Forum 21

REVIEW AND COMMENT

A Writer Meets His Readers *by Lion Feuchtwanger* . . . 22
The House that Jack Built *by Edwin Berry Burgum* . . . 23
Four Views of America *by Joseph Hastings* 24
The Negro Scholar's Hostile Environment *by Eugene Holmes* 26
Brief Review *by Theodore Draper* 27
Theater *by Richard H. Rovere* 28
Movies *by James Dugan* 30

Art work by Escott (cover), Dixon, William Gropper, Ad Reinhardt, Mischa Richter, Eastwood, Fred Ellis, Ben Yomen, Hirschfeld, Malmar, John Heliker, Charles Martin, Sid Gotcliffe.

Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

Published weekly by WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., at 31 East 27th Street, New York City. Copyright, 1938, WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 15 cents. Subscription $4.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2.50; three months $1.25; Foreign $5.50 a year; six months $3; three months $1.50. In Canada, $5 a year, $2.75 for six months. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. The NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped and self-addressed envelope.

Who's Who

RICHARD GOODMAN is on the staff of the London *Daily Worker*. The dispatch, "Chamberlain's 'Solution,'" in our issue of June 7 was also by Mr. Goodman, but owing to a misunderstanding in transmission, was ascribed to Frank Pitcairn. Pitcairn, who will contribute a regular monthly article from London, was in Czechoslovakia until a few days ago. . . . Irving Lightbown is a chemist in a rubber tire factory. His first published poem appeared in NEW MASSES in the symposium, "Eight New Poets," Feb. 16, 1937. . . . Sanora Babb is a member of the League of American Writers now living in Hollywood. . . . Cora MacAlbert recently returned from Vienna, where she lived for a year and a half. . . . Ted Allan was formerly Federated Press correspondent in Spain. At present he is a staff writer for the Toronto *Daily Clarion*. . . . Edwin Berry Burgum is in the English department at New York University and is an editor of *Science & Society*. . . . Eugene Holmes is a member of the philosophy department at Howard University.

Flashbacks

"THE master class has always brought the war and the subject class has fought the battle," said Debs in Canton, O., June 16, 1918. For this speech, which proved that war did not come by chance but was the direct result of capitalism, Debs was sent to prison. . . . Ten militant trade unionists were hanged at Mauch Chunk, Pa., June 21, 1877. These men, all Molly Maguires, were convicted of murder. Their real crime was summarized by an operators' organ, the *Miner's Journal*, on the following day: "Whenever the prices of labor did not suit them, they [the Molly Maguires] organized and proclaimed a strike." . . . Maxim Gorky, having been slowly assassinated by his Trotskyist physician, L. G. Levin, died June 18, 1936.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF GERMANY ATTACKS

The Strength and Strategy of the Czechoslovakian Army

COLONEL STANISLAV YESTER

The author of this article is one of the greatest military authorities in Europe. Colonel Yester is a member of the Czechoslovakian General Staff and a professor at the Military Academy in Prague, the Czech West Point. He is the author of many works on the problems of national defense and the wars in Spain, China, and Ethiopia. He differs from the usual military man in that he holds the belief that, as he expresses it, "To write is today also a way of preparing the defense against possible aggression."

For obvious reasons, Colonel Yester has, in various places, used German sources of Czech army strength, as he says, "for guidance." It is revealing no confidence, however, to add that the German estimates are quite modest and do not represent the full ability of the Czechoslovakian defense machine in the air or on land. This article shows that Spain has taught the Czechs more than one lesson, especially the necessity of strengthening democracy *before* the outbreak of hostilities.—THE EDITORS.

Prague.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA lies right in the middle of the great mountain-system running from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea—the Alps, the Sudeten Mountains, the Carpathians, and the Siebenburg Alps. Most of its rivers flow southward into the Danube, and this determines its relationship to South-Central Europe. Like Switzerland, Czechoslovakia is a continental state. It lies as far from the Baltic as from the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. Its area is 140,000 square kilometers; in size, it is thirteenth of the twenty-seven European states. In 1938 its total population was 15,500,000, which places it eighth in Europe. Its powerful industry ranks Czechoslovakia immediately after Italy in Central Europe in this respect.

The fact that Czechoslovakia lies along the water-shed of the Sudeten and Carpathian Mountains—where the West Slavs, under the pressure of the Germans from the west and the Mongols from the south, were alone able to hold out—has given it a peculiarly elongated form and a very long frontier. At its widest point, Czechoslovakia measures three hundred kilometers across, but it is nearly one thousand kilometers long. More than half of its frontier —1,850 kilometers—borders on Germany. This contiguity was three hundred kilometers less before the Austrian *Anschluss*. With its ally of the Little Entente, Rumania, it has a common frontier of 150 kilometers at its extreme eastern end. Germany, which is four times as large as Czechoslovakia and today has almost five times the population, surrounds Western Czechoslovakia far more completely than Russian Poland was enclosed before the war by Germany and Austria-Hungary.

In the age of air fleets and active air-traffic,

Dixon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Czechoslovakia represents an important link between East and West.

Czechoslovakia can be involved in war against Germany on the west and Hungary on the south. Against Hungary, the country is protected by the treaties of alliance between the states of the Little Entente. Against a German attack, it is protected by the treaties with France and the Soviet Union.

A military clash with Hungary is improbable. Against Hungary alone Czechoslovakia has a double superiority.

A conflict with Germany is something different, for Germany is many times stronger than Czechoslovakia and, furthermore, encloses half of Czechoslovakia as though with mighty jaws. It goes without saying, therefore, that the Czechoslovakian General Staff and government are exerting themselves to create the best possible military, political, and economic conditions for a *temporary* struggle against superior force.

This superior force will, at the beginning, have to be met by the Czech forces both on land and in the air. The Czech air force and air-defense forces must expect a number of difficult days until the aerial assistance of our French and Russian allies arrives and gives us superiority in the air for the continuation of the struggle. The land forces, as a matter of fact, will have to stick it out some weeks longer before the allied armies push forward into German territory and force the German high command to turn its main forces against them. The decisive battle, *which will begin on the Rhine in the third or fourth week of the war,* will transform the Czechoslovakian battle area into a second-rate area.

Czechoslovakia must therefore reckon with the following facts: (1) two or three days of resistance against superior forces in the air and on the land; (2) two or three weeks of resistance against superior force on land.

There will, of course, be no declaration of war. The enemy will attempt, through a sudden attack by fast army-units and air squadrons, to break through our frontier defenses and to render our mobilization and concentration of troops impossible.

Germany with three fronts—the Franco-British western front, the Czech-Polish-Russian eastern front, and the Italian-Yugoslav southern front—will attempt, on the one hand, to demoralize each of these fronts politically, and on the other, to dominate them in a military way. In actual fact, in a war against Czechoslovakia, Germany will have two fronts: a western front, France, and an eastern front, Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union.

If there were no air armies today, 1914 and a new edition of the Schlieffen Plan would be repeated: an offensive in the West and a defensive in the East. In 1914, Austria-Hungary wanted to make a punitive expedition against Serbia, but the Russian intervention turned Serbia into a second-rate scene of operations. For Austria-Hungary, the Russian front became the principal theater of operations; for that was the direction from which powerful forces threatened to break into the empire.

Aerial warfare, however, has changed certain formerly valid conditions. Attacks by the land forces gain new bases for the air armies. The Czechoslovakian area, which protrudes like a wedge into the German Reich, represents a splendid offensive air-base, lying right in the middle of the German area. If, therefore, as far as land armies are concerned, the present eastern front is the less dangerous one for Germany (the Czechoslovakian army being too weak and the Russian too far away), nevertheless, *in respect to air attacks, the opposite is true.* That is why, before the main land operations begin, the question of the "airplane carrier" in the heart of Germany, that is, the question of Czechoslovakia, must be solved.

The German General Staff will exert itself, as quickly as possible, to capture the air bases in the western part of Czechoslovakia before the clash of the main forces of the two coalitions occurs. The Czechoslovakian General Staff, on the other hand, will do its part to resist the first attack of a superior force against the air bases in the western district—that is, to gain time.

We know, from the experience of the World War, that a well-organized defense can resist successfully a double superiority of attack. At that time, the larger tactical units were not so lavishly provided with automatic weapons as today. If, in land fortification, a double superiority of force can be successfully resisted, to break through those fortifications would require more than a double superiority. An attack against such fortifications cannot proceed without very thorough preparations.

Czechoslovakia, with half of its area enclosed by Germany, has had to solve a number of complicated defense problems: (1) She must prevent a sudden land and air attack. (2) After resisting this attack, she must prevent new attacks by land and air which would throw her mobilization arrangements into disorder. (3) During the period of troop concentration, which will already be protected by the allied air forces, Czechoslovakia must make sure its land forces are not divided and that the troops in Bohemia and West Moravia are not encircled and cut off from Slovakia.

Although Czechoslovakia is able to call every man capable of bearing arms to the colors, there is the possibility that the mobilization might come too late and that, in the meantime, the German jaws would close on Eastern Bohemia. It was for this reason that the Czechoslovakian General Staff assumed as its main problem the question of preserving continuous connection between the Western and Eastern commands. This was achieved by the construction of excellent fortifications along the north and south borders of Moravia. These fortifications will have to hold out for weeks, not only for days.

The remaining frontiers are so fortified that they can hold out as long as the mobilization and concentration of troops are in progress. At the same time, all the frontier fortifications are so arranged that they can serve as points of support for the army once it is mobilized and concentrated. Thus, just as in 1914, the French frontier fortifications on the Marne protected the eastern flank of the French army, so will the frontier fortifications in Moravia and Eastern Bohemia protect the flank and rear of the Czechoslovakian troops against an attack from the west. One advantage of this will be that during this period of the conflict, Czechoslovakia, combined with its allies, will already have achieved superiority in the air.

The latest German figures give France an air strength this year of 5,000; Czechoslovakia, 1,400; Soviet Union, 9,000. It is therefore no exaggeration to assume that approximately 3,000 Soviet machines will come to the direct assistance of Czechoslovakia. Since the modern median-bomber is approximately equal to a long-range gun in battle, this in itself would be a highly important addition to our volume of fire.

Supported by their frontier fortifications and a powerful allied air force, the Czechoslovakian army will attempt to maneuver so that it is not surrounded and, at the same time, as far as possible, to protect its own area from the enemy attack. The execution of these tasks will be assisted by the mountainous character of Czechoslovakia. In many districts there are very great natural impediments to fast-moving attacking units, and wherever the terrain is easily passable, fortifications are already established.

For reasons which will be understood, I cannot give exact data of the strength of our armed forces. I quote, for guidance, figures taken from German military papers.

According to the German specialists, our peacetime army numbers 180,000 men. On mobilization 1,500,000 well-trained soldiers could be called to the colors. According to the same sources, our land army is divided into seven corps which, altogether, include fifteen infantry divisions, two mountain brigades, four cavalry brigades, one tank brigade, one brigade of heavy artillery, one heavy air-brigade with two regiments, and in addition, five independent air-regiments. Since our air army is principally designed for defensive purposes (we leave the offensive tasks to our allies), the air army is a part of the land forces as in the United States, and not an independent air-force. The Germans assert that the mountain and cavalry brigades can be counted as divisions; hence, the peacetime army of Czechoslovakia represents twenty-two divisions, which would be approximately doubled by mobilization.

The majority of German military experts are agreed that Czechoslovakia could put forty well-armed divisions into the field.

Czechoslovakia has inherited 75 percent of the heavy industry of the old Austria-Hungary. In the World War, Austria-Hungary provided, from its own industry, an army of about ninety divisions. Czechoslovakia can support not only forty divisions from its own industry but also at least thirty divisions of its allies.

Assuming that the enemy is able to damage or seize a part of our industry, there will, nevertheless, remain a very large economic and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William Gropper

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

productive basis, especially since in the last few years, the most important branches of industry have been moved from the dangerous frontier-areas far into the hinterland.

By virtue of a far-reaching law for the defense of the state, government agencies in time of emergency will take over control of all branches of industry essential for the national defense. This permits us to be confident of the proper mobilization of the war industries. As far as foodstuffs are concerned, Czechoslovakia is self-supporting in grain, meat, sugar, and alcohol and has, in fact, far more than it needs of the latter two. Oil will be imported from Rumania.

Already in the World War, the Czechoslovakian armament industry, especially the Skoda works, were dangerous competitors of the German industry. The 30.5 cannon produced by Skoda was superior in its operation and effectiveness to the well-known 42-cm. gun of the Germans, the Big Bertha. Thanks to its excellent industry, the Czechoslovakian army the best armed in Central Europe, next to German and Italian. In 1935 its light machine-gun, under the Bren patent, was imported into England. According to German figures of March 1938, the Czechoslovakian army has more heavy guns than the Polish (450 against 420) and only fifty less than the United States. Moreover, the whole of our heavy artillery is motorized. The German military paper, *Deutsche Wehr,* asserts that in wartime the Czechoslovakian army will have 400 mortars, 1,500 light field-guns, and 600 heavy guns.

The German press writes that our field gun M-18 (caliber 83 mm.) has a range of 20 km.; the 10-cm. howitzer M-14/19, a range of 11 km.; the 15-cm. howitzer M-25, 12 km.; the mountain howitzer, 11 km.; the 15-cm. field-gun, 20 km.; the 24-cm. field-gun, 30 km.; and the 30.5 Morser, 12 km. The Germans assert that we have nine thousand light and 3,500 heavy machine-guns and approximately four hundred tanks, made and produced in our own works. The arming and maintenance of the army since 1919 has cost a total of fifty billion kronen. Half of this was used in the last five years for state defense measures. The ordinary military budget for 1938 amounts to 2,100,000,000 kronen and the extraordinary budget to 2,400,000,000 kronen. The total state budget for 1938 is ten billion kronen.

Our own industry has not only provided the army with its equipment, up to the heaviest field-guns, but it has also provided our aerial armament. According to German estimates of February of this year, we had 1,350 airplanes, divided as follows: 320 reconnaissance planes; 130 fighters; 180 pursuit planes; 120 daytime bombers; 130 night bombers. According to the same German figures, there are ninety squadrons, each with between ten and fourteen machines. The heavy machines are constructed under French licenses; all the light machines are of our own construction. The engines are also of our own production under the Walter patent. The number of airdromes is estimated by the Germans as sixty-six.

Ad Reinhardt

The Germans, for example the late von Ludendorff, teach us that the so-called *successive* mobilizations of war materials is wrong. War ought to be prepared for in advance for a definite prearranged moment, and, at that moment, one must go into the struggle with the maximum of all forces. In 1914, the Germans took the field with 120 divisions. In the course of the following three years, they doubled this number through the mobilization of their total war potentials. According to the new theory, the Germans would have to raise 240 divisions right at the beginning of the war. Such an arming demands quite exceptional economic preparations and a great straining of financial and moral forces. Some articles in German military papers disclose that the Germans would like to be able to put three hundred divisions in the field. We know that a modern tactical unit requires a large working hinterland. An army of three hundred divisions needs six million men in the field and twelve million workers in the hinterland.

Although we are not ourselves partisans of total war, we must nevertheless take measures in advance against an enemy which will employ the methods of total war. Therefore, our state defense law puts all civilian men up to sixty and women from seventeen to fifty in the service of national defense. The aim is to free as far as possible all trained men for the front. The pre-military education which begins with six-year-old boys and ends at twenty, before the beginning of military service, facilitates training and offers large reserves for work in the hinterland and for air-raid defense. In war, the president of the republic is the supreme commander of the armed forces. The government appoints the commander-in-chief of the armies in the field. From a political-strategic point of view, the war is directed by the Supreme Council of National Defense, in which the principal ministers and the prime minister are represented. The economic organ of the Supreme Council is the Ministry of Economy, which will represent, in the widest sense, a ministry of munitions.

The Czechoslovakian General Staff is proceeding with defensive preparations, by which its main object is to strengthen the defense against attacks from the air and to carry out the widest possible motorization. Motorization permits a quick answer to attacks and the speedy shifting of reserves.

Every one of our citizens is aware of the difficult position in which our country stands. They remember the fate of Belgium and Serbia in the World War; they know the fate of Rumania in 1916. They believe, nevertheless, in the final victory; for final victory is always on the side of the strongest battalions, and the strongest battalions are on the side of our allies.

★

THE RED ARMY IS READY

IN DIRECT contradiction to the extraordinarily ill-informed statements, once again current in and around Whitehall, that the Soviet Union may not come to the assistance of Czechoslovakia in the event of a German attack, because the cleanout of Trotskyites, Nazi, British, and other spies has left the Red Army weak beyond measure, is information reaching us from Warsaw via unquestionable channels from equally unquestionable sources.

This information—in the possession of the by no means pro-Soviet Polish General Staff—is that, not only is the Red Army stronger today than it has ever been, but also that the Soviet Union has made it perfectly clear both in Warsaw and Bucharest—as well as in Prague—that Czechoslovakia can rely, without question, on its active assistance whatever the decision of her other allies.

It was, in fact, this knowledge which, together with the very frank French warnings in Warsaw, was responsible for the very noticeable but hitherto inadequately explained change in Polish policy to Czechoslovakia which took place just before the weekend of May 22.

With plans very nearly complete for the Poles to march into the Teschen district of Czechoslovakia simultaneously with—certain reports say even before—the German invasion of Bohemia, the Polish government and the Polish General Staff learned suddenly (how, we have been unable to find out) of the Soviet attitude.

That was on May 20, and the knowledge came almost at the same time as the vigorous French warning that if Poland moved in along with Germany on Czechoslovakia then the Franco-Polish pact would become permanently inoperative.

The Polish General Staff did not hesitate to reverse its ideas and immediately informed Berlin.

Thus the Wilhelmstrasse was aware of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soviet attitude before it knew definitely the French and British viewpoints. There was, therefore, no necessity for any formal Soviet démarche and no such formal démarche was made—a fact which has puzzled M. Flandin.

The prompt reaction in Warsaw to the unambiguous stand of the Soviet Union is significant.

In the first place it follows—within a few months—an equally prompt reaction to an equally unambiguous Soviet warning delivered at the time of the Lithuanian crisis.

In the second place, it finally disposes of the various canards so diligently circulated by the enemies of collective security that the Red Army is, at best, of doubtful value and, at worst, useless.

(The Polish General Staff is certainly better informed of the strength and efficiency of the Red Army than Whitehall and would not have reacted as promptly as it has done upon two separate occasions if it believed the Red Army to be even of doubtful value.)

In the third place, it indicates that the strategic and political map of Central and Eastern Europe is not impossible to change and that there is a very real basis for the collective organization of peace, providing the policy of deal and counter-deal with the aggressor powers is abandoned while there is yet time.—THE WEEK *(London), June 1.*

CHAMBERLAIN TALKS MEDIATION

What's Up His Sleeve This Time?

RICHARD GOODMAN

London.

ONCE again Mr. Chamberlain is talking about the possibility of "mediation" in Spain. He believes it would be desirable, and he hopes it will become "practical politics" once the British plan for withdrawal of volunteers from Spain has been adopted.

He dresses up this scheme for public consumption with talk of its "humanitarian" possibilities, the potentialities it provides for a "permanent settlement." When speaking of it he becomes so "impartial" that, knowing Mr. Chamberlain, one becomes immediately suspicious, asking where is the catch, what sinister deal with the fascist aggressors is he aiming to put across. Those suspicions are completely justified.

This is not the first time the British government has flown this particular kite, and we may safely assume that it will not be the last, for the whole conception of mediation is organically one with the fundamental principle of Chamberlain's foreign policy—compromise with the aggressive powers at the expense of democracy and the democracies.

Now, however, the proposal is of greater significance than ever in the past, for today there is in existence—but not in operation—the Anglo-Italian agreement, with the fate of which the future of the whole Chamberlain foreign policy is linked.

It is absolutely essential for the Chamberlain government that this agreement should be operative as soon as possible, and that,

English Lawn Party at Cliveden

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

therefore, Italian troops in Spain should be withdrawn or the war should end. Now the Italians have made it perfectly clear that they have no intention of withdrawing support from Franco, and the British, privately of course, have accepted this. Consequently, with each month of the war chances of the agreement ever operating dwindle. It is therefore essential for the British to do everything possible to end the war in a manner acceptable to Rome. This can be done in one of two ways: either by working hand in hand with Italy to bring about a Franco victory as soon as possible; or by finding "some way" of extending the war at the expense of Spanish democracy.

Now, in spite of their friendship with Italian fascism, the British do not relish the prospect of an Italian Spain. They prefer—and such a "solution" has been discussed with Italy already, for example when Duff Cooper saw Count Volpi—some Anglo-Italian or even Anglo-German agreement for joint exploitation of Spain, ruled by a reactionary puppet administration of Spaniards especially hand-picked for the job from among those who have stood above the struggle. This, for the British capitalist class whom Chamberlain represents, would be the "ideal solution" of the Spanish war. It would mean the end of Spanish democracy and the Spanish revolution—an object on which the British bourgeoisie are in complete agreement with Franco and his allies. It would—or so the British believe—be consistent with the Anglo-Italian agreement and with the four-power pact which is Chamberlain's ultimate aim. It would also enable British imperialists to share in the exploitation of Spain with the aggressors. Thus the fundamental policy of the British government is to work consistently to make sure that democracy is not victorious in Spain (a victory for democracy is regarded as the worst possible outcome of the war, to be prevented at all costs, even though it means handing over the entire peninsula—and with it Gibraltar—to Italy), while not letting pass a single opportunity to press forward with the "ideal solution."

Now such an opportunity arises when the military and political situation in Spain develops unfavorably for Franco and indicates that the war will continue for a period considerably longer than was previously estimated. Such, in fact, is the position today. With Franco's forces held up on many fronts, with the military and political position of the republic better today than for many months past and improving daily, and with a serious internal crisis developing in Franco-held territory, Whitehall is revising the previous opinion that the war will end this year and is realizing that, unless something is done, chances of the Anglo-Italian pact operating are small indeed. Hence they attempt, first, to obtain the closing of the Pyrenean frontier and to effect the complete blockade of republican Spain; and second, to resurrect the proposal for mediation. By working for the restoration of international control of the Franco-Spanish frontier, the British government aims to weaken the powers of resistance of government Spain and to demoralize certain sections of the Spanish people, in the hope of creating a basis for the mediation plan. (Even though it fails in this second aim, it will, in any case, have increased the possibilities of a Franco victory.)

But Berlin and Rome will not sit by quietly and watch Chamberlain prepare the ground for his "ideal solution." They are determined on one thing, and one thing solely—a quick victory for Franco and a Spain completely subordinate to the aims and designs of the axis. They are not going to allow dear, friendly Mr. Chamberlain to cut in so easily on their spoils, whatever services he has rendered them in the past. Consequently, they have rejected the mediation proposal, and Italy has countered once again with demands that Great Britain use her influence, especially in Paris, to bring about a Franco victory or else abandon all hope of the pact ever becoming operative. Thus, because of its determination not to allow a victory for democracy in Spain, and because of its class-determined policy of rapprochement with the fascist aggressors and its refusal to organize a collective peace front, the Chamberlain government is forced into the position of midwife for Italian-German fascism. This in essence is the real meaning of Mr. Chamberlain's mediation proposals.

But there is another side of the question. Pressure of public opinion in both Britain and France against the Chamberlain foreign policy is having a big effect on Chamberlain's schemings. This is why he is forced to dress them up to make them appear "humanitarian"; and along with the mediation proposals the suggestion is made to send a small commission to Spain with the ostensible purpose of checking Franco's air slaughter but also to play a part in urging "mediation," that is, capitulation, on the Spanish people. Chamberlain hopes thereby to win support in certain labor, liberal, and pacifist circles (the liberal *News-Chronicle* has already fallen for this strategy). Chamberlain will not succeed, however. The British people, strong enough to force him to disguise his sinister schemes, are strong enough to force him to abandon them entirely. Peace in Europe will not be achieved through a deal with the aggressors. Peace in Europe is only possible if, as Passionaria declared at a recent meeting of the central committee of the Communist Party of Spain, Italian fascism is defeated in its war against Spain. And there are two ways the British, French, and American people can assist the Spanish people to defeat Italy—and with Italy, Germany's designs against the peace of Central Europe—by ending the policy of so-called neutrality, thereby permitting arms to be sent to Spain, and by forcing the abandonment of the Anglo-Italian agreement.

LINES TO A FORMER SCHOOLMATE

Look, look where stallion clouds
Ride ramping down the sky
Free with fellowship of crowds
Glorious they fly
With whirling fetlocks, mantles all awry!

Big-bellied in winter,
(Heads in sun they ride)
Churning up the heavens
In their airy pride.

Loveliest in summer
With their foam-flecked foals
Pay no heed to drummer
Calling out war's rolls.

From clouds that prance in heavens
Come down to earthy plane,
Where hope is briefly puling
And joy is stop of pain.

Here seldom streams the waking sun
Into a frightened bed,
Here Winter hobbles through the snow
Above the rifled dead.

And children's feet go hurrying down
To subterranean caves
As joking raiders from the sky
Smash sandboxes to graves.

IRVING LIGHTBOWN.

★

'WE POPPED IN ON GARNER'

WE WERE still examining that rash all over the press—that rash of stories about "women's rebellions" against relief spending—when we acquired a piquant account of just how one of them came about. It concerns Helen Frick, the red-headed daughter of the late Henry Clay Frick, steel overlord and bitter enemy of labor, as well as Herbert Hoover and John Nance Garner. We take pleasure in passing it on, in documentary form, for the light it sheds on today's headlines, and for its bearing on the deeper questions of the relations of art and politics and human reactions.

To get it, you need a little background—

Miss Frick, a person of many interests, has a penchant for art and philanthropy. She presides over that important storehouse of pure art, the Frick Art Reference Library, and for one day every year she invites all the help, top to bottom, to picnic with her and her friends at her country acres at Bedford, in the Westchester Hills.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now here is the story: a spontaneous account by a Frick acquaintance who went to the picnic one recent Tuesday, and there was drawn into a strange adventure which moved her to write the following letter to a friend:

"You will be amused to hear what I did last Thursday night. I, with fifty other women, took the midnight for Washington, and spent Friday lobbying against the pump priming, and especially the President's allocating the funds!

". . . That morning [Tuesday] the news of the President's penciled joker had been in the paper and by twelve Miss Frick had done a great deal of telephoning, and—encouraged by Mr. Hoover and two or three more equally important men—had chartered two cars to take fifty unorganized women—professional, working, and a few 'housewives'—to Washington to protest!

"So she asked me to go, and I said I would.

"It all seemed a little crazy to me, but it turned out to be enormously interesting, and much to my surprise I really think it was worth while. We began with Mr. Garner. We popped in on him at nine, and although he was completely noncommittal I felt he was all for us. We think he was responsible for getting the reporters and photographers who turned up about fifteen minutes after we'd left his office and said someone had telephoned them from the Senate Office Building. Then we went from senator to senator. Our greatest success was with Senator Burke, because he got three other members of the Senate Appropriations Committee down (all of whom were photographed with us) and Adams, the vice-chairman, suggested our sending a couple of members to present our case when they meet this week before the bill comes up in the Senate.

"It was one of the most interesting things I have ever done. Of course, Miss Frick's name had to be kept completely out of the picture—no 'economic royalists' allowed."—MARGUERITE YOUNG.

★

LA FOLLETTE PROGRAM

PERHAPS Heywood Broun is hypercritical in some of his indictments of the La Follette program, but the validity of his exposure of the shallowness of the La Follette philosophy in meeting the fundamental economic problems of the nation cannot be challenged. As a progressive doctrine, much of it has a strangely reactionary ring. Progressives who might be tempted by the glittering generalities of the promises and the traditional liberalism associated with the La Follette name should beware of that which they are asked to embrace. Presented under a cloak of liberalism, the La Follette movement assumes the form of a virtual repudiation of everything for which true progressives have fought in seeking to make America an economic as well as a political democracy.—MORNING TRIBUNE, *Lewiston, Idaho.*

HOWARD'S DOWNFALL

The I. T. U. Makes the Front Pages

GEORGE SHERMAN

GLEEFUL cries are heard from American Federation of Labor headquarters over the defeat, in the recent International Typographical Union elections, of President Charles P. Howard. No doubt the press accounts of the contest between Howard and his successful opponent, First Vice-President Claude M. Baker, would lead some unsuspecting readers into thinking that the printers had thrown their CIO sympathies overboard. But members of the ITU, including Charlie Howard's bitterest opponents, will tell you that the CIO-AF of L issue had little to do with the downfall of the lanky, irascible labor-leader who headed the printers' union for the last twelve years.

It is true that supporters of Baker used the labor split in their campaign propaganda, but they confined it strictly to reverberations occuring within the union. The old song of "dual unionism" blared out again over the issuance of a CIO charter to employees of the Phelps Publishing Co. at Springfield, Mass., where nine ITU members were included among hundreds of other workers of all categories. Officials and members of the Springfield local who realized the impossibility of organizing these workers into craft unions, approved the action. Because Howard, as secretary of the CIO, signed the charter, the Baker reactionaries charged him with raiding the jurisdiction of his own union. But this propaganda fell pretty flat. William Green and the executive council have been assiduously issuing charters to federal unions embracing printers, pressmen, bookbinders, and others for many years.

Though Howard went down to defeat, the election by no means reflected an attitude by the ITU rank and file that can be interpreted as hostile to the CIO. On the question of whether the union should assess itself one cent per month per member in order to help finance the AF of L fight against the CIO, the membership balloted "no" by three to one. And the vote reaffirmed by even larger majorities the necessity of maintaining the ITU's independent position within the federation.

Moreover, Frank Morrison, secretary of the AF of L for many years, trailed in the final count. For years Morrison had been named delegate to federation conventions. This time it was a different story. The only candidate to run on a strictly anti-CIO platform, Morrison, ended up without the endorsement of Baker's Independent Party and very far behind the eight-ball. In addition, Secy. Woodruff Randolph was reelected and Second Vice-President Barrett replaced Baker as first vice-president. Both were strong Howard men. Howard's policies and Howard's ticket (with the exception of Howard himself) won the membership's approval.

The question is now pertinent: why did Howard fail to survive even though what he stood for and those who supported him came through successfully? To answer this necessitates reviewing very briefly the history of the ITU. Back in 1919, Chicago printers, under the title of Progressives, organized a rebellion against the bitterly reactionary regime of Judge Lynch, which called itself the Juanitas (the printers dubbed them the "Wahs"). Not until 1928, however, did the Progressives sweep out all the Wahs and firmly entrench themselves in the ITU.

In the fat years of the late twenties, Howard, the Progressive president, forgot many of his former liberal ideas. He was content to drift, like most other labor leaders, into the prevailing AF of L lethargy. Militant members of locals got little sympathy from the head office in Indianapolis. The Wahs reorganized themselves as "Independents"; the militants, particularly in New York, formed the Amalgamation Party. And as a result Howard lost support in the large locals and had to depend increasingly on the small town locals, traditionally loyal to the administration.

Even by 1932, Howard more or less drifted along with the current defeatism of the executive council. He forced Local 6 of New York, with one-eighth of the total ITU membership, to accept a wage cut. He could not rid himself of the legalistic training he had received in his early years—and consequently suppressed sitdowns in Miami, Indianapolis, Columbus, and elsewhere. What angered the printers was that without interference, they felt, their action would have succeeded in gaining them higher wages. And there was a general feeling in the union that Howard ignored local unions in negotiations with employers.

With all his faults, Howard was able, intelligent, and progressive in his support of the CIO. He leaves the union stronger, better organized, and with a larger membership than ever before. Yet old sores, meticulously rubbed by the reactionary opposition, served to defeat him. It was Howard's weakness to accept the opposition's campaign with too much apathy. He allowed the initiative to remain wholly on the side of the Baker forces. And most important of all, Howard failed to bring forward a militantly progressive platform.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES
ESTABLISHED 1911

Editors
THEODORE DRAPER, GRANVILLE HICKS, CROCKETT JOHNSON, JOSHUA KUNITZ, A. B. MAGIL, HERMAN MICHELSON, BRUCE MINTON, SAMUEL SILLEN.

Contributing Editors
ROBERT FORSYTHE, JOSEPH FREEMAN, MICHAEL GOLD, HORACE GREGORY, ALFRED O'MALLEY, LOREN MILLER, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, RICHARD WRIGHT, MARGUERITE YOUNG.

Business and Circulation Manager
GEORGE WILLNER.

Advertising Manager
ERIC BERNAY.

★

The Newspaper Guild

FRESH from its victories over the New York *Mirror* (Hearst) and the *World-Telegram,* the American Newspaper Guild's annual convention was called to order by President Heywood Broun. For the first time, a CIO affiliate holds a convention in Canada. For the first time in the guild's history, the delegates at Toronto represent not only editorial employees, but commercial workers as well. In a year the guild has grown into a full-fledged industrial union.

The year has brought other vital changes. The right of the guild to signed contracts is no longer questioned by the publishers. Granted is the right of the guild to be the sole party to a contract, and to name a grievance committee without the publishers attempting to dictate who shall serve on it. No longer do publishers hope to include a clause in guild contracts, calling for compulsory arbitration. Increasingly, the guild is able to provide some measure of job security for its membership.

In Toronto, Heywood Broun, who has seen the guild expand from a confused little group flirting with the idea of a "professional" organization into a powerful union leading the white-collar and professional field, will undoubtedly be reelected president. No great issue, such as confronted the convention last year—affiliation with the CIO and admission of commercial-department employees—faces the Toronto gathering. Rather, the guild now has the problem of strengthening itself and guarding against dizziness from too rapid success. Jonathan Eddy, executive vice-president, in his report will present for the convention's consideration a five-point program of future action. He will call for consolidation of the gains of the past year; for improvement of collective-bargaining apparatus; for closer relations between the guild and other progressive sectors of the labor movement; for improvement of the union's financial structure; and for steps toward labor unity, political action by labor, and the building of the democratic front.

It is perhaps the latter point which most concerns progressives who are not members of the guild. For Eddy's plea for labor unity, political action, and the democratic front is in the tradition of progressive unionism already established by the guild. The union has accomplished more than merely bringing higher wages and improved conditions to its membership, more than just breaking down the myth that newspaper workers don't want decent wages and job protection. The guild has fought in the very front ranks of labor for the preservation of democracy and the unity of all workers, whether of hand or brain, against reaction. In Toronto, the guild can be expected once again to forward the progressive and anti-fascist movement generally.

Wall Street's Choice

JOHN NANCE GARNER was William Randolph Hearst's man at the Democratic national convention in 1932. His nomination as vice-presidential candidate was Hearst's price for swinging the California and Texas delegations away from Al Smith and behind Franklin D. Roosevelt. Today Vice-President Garner is no less the man of Hearst and the whole of big-business reaction. From Henry R. Luce's *Life* to William Dudley Pelley's *Liberation* there has been a rising chorus of tory tribute to the venerable statesman who during more than thirty years in the House introduced exactly two pieces of legislation. Reactionary propagandists have been desperately trying to work up a Garner "boom"—amid assassination threats against President Roosevelt from Silver Shirt leaders and others of the fascist fringe. 28 DEMOCRATIC SENATORS TELL GARNER THEY'LL BACK HIM FOR PRESIDENT IN 1940, blares a main headline in the New York *Herald Tribune.* And John G. Hun, headmaster of the Hun School at Princeton, N. J., where budding economic royalty goes through the academic paces, has started a chain-letter appeal to Garner to take the lead in blocking social legislation.

All of which has a direct bearing on the congressional elections. For a prerequisite of a successful movement to nominate Garner or some other right-winger as Democratic standard-bearer in 1940 is a reactionary victory in the congressional elections this year. Wall Street is alert to the crucial issue facing the country. "Will you be regimented or will you fight?" asked George H. Davis, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, at a luncheon of one thousand big-business tycoons in New York the other day. Davis outlined plans for a campaign to bring Congress into line, with efforts concentrated, significantly enough, in the rural districts. And the *Herald Tribune* leaves no doubt as to the tory strategy.

> It is for the voters to bring every pressure upon their leaders and their parties to secure wherever possible a united front against the New Deal [writes this organ of Republican bourbonism]. Party lines cannot hold against a national issue of life and death. The word is, as we have said before, coalition.

Yes, and that should be the word for progressives too. As the 75th Congress draws to a close, the battle-lines are forming. Will big business succeed in capturing the 76th Congress? In the answer to that question lie grave implications for American democracy. A democratic front of all the liberal forces of the nation can give that answer in a way that will bring no comfort to Garner and the reactionary cohorts behind him.

The Press and the Primaries

IT IS no secret that the New Deal preferred Rep. Otha D. Wearin over Sen. Guy M. Gillette in the Iowa Democratic primary. But that is not the same as saying that the New Deal suffered a defeat when Gillette won. This is the impression that the tory press is seeking to convey, but it will not hold water. The choice in Iowa lay not between a reactionary Democrat and a New Dealer, but between an in-and-outer and a fairly consistent administration supporter. Gillette opposed the Supreme Court reform plan, but on most other questions, including the reorganization bill, he has gone along with the New Deal. And the best testimony of the strength of New Deal sentiment in Iowa was the character of the winning candidate's campaign. Far from attacking the administration, he professed himself "intensely loyal" to the New Deal—as did, in fact, all four of his opponents. Since, in addition, he was backed by his fellow senator, Clyde Herring, and the powerful state Democratic machine of Governor Kraschel, it is not surprising that Senator Gillette won handily. The real test between progress and reaction will come in November when the Democratic standard-bearer will be opposed by former Sen. Lester Dickinson, Republican diehard.

In contrast to the attempt to conjure an anti-New Deal victory out of the results of the Iowa primary has been the playing down of the cleancut victory of Sen. Robert R. Reynolds in the Democratic primary in North Carolina. Senator Reynolds can hardly be regarded as a paladin of liberalism, yet he has been on the whole a supporter of New Deal legislation and campaigned as a New

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dealer. His opponent, Rep. Frank W. Hancock, opposed the Court reform plan, the reorganization bill, and wages-and-hours legislation. He was defeated by a two-to-one vote.

Self-Portrait of a Führer

THE hearings in Newark are still going on, and Mayor Hague has had only one day on the stand as we go to press. By the time this is read the boss of Jersey probably will have added the finishing touches to the self-portrait he sketched out last Friday, but such additional strokes can only heighten the picture; they are not likely to alter it. The mayor of Jersey City, who sits as vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, makes governors and senators, orders out the National Guard to parade in his honor, keeps Jersey City smothered under the highest tax rates in the country, incites hoodlums to attack anyone who dares raise a voice against him, and sends his more persistent critics to prison, now stands self-revealed in all his main characteristics: illiterate, an ignoramus, a power-crazy dictator who doesn't think it worth his while to deny that he is an absolute boss. He impudently represents his coercion of public employees and small businessmen, his whipping up of anti-Red hysteria, as public opinion. He defends his Nazi technique of protective arrest as a kindness to the victims of his mobs. He flaunts his illegal power in the face of the whole country and defies every decent and progressive instinct of democracy to prevail against his dictatorship.

That's Hague as he showed himself on the witness stand. His justification for his violent attacks on the CIO's attempts to organize the workers of Jersey City is that the CIO and Communism are identical. Pinned down to a definition of Communism, he gave this one, according to the stenographic record:

> My interpretation of a Communist is a man who is subject to Russia, a radical who is opposed to the American principles and American institutions, whose sole purpose is to overthrow our government, whose sole purpose is against all types of religion, all types of government, only the Soviet government in Russia.

Asked what he meant by un-American, he embellished the record thus:

> Well, who is endeavoring to overthrow our government, who is endeavoring to inject immorality into some talks of that character, that is another group. I am not charging that as the un-American group. I don't think it is patriotic. I don't think it falls within the performances of my duty to encourage halls to be rented to undesirables, men or groups who take it upon themselves to assail our government and who is in favor of the overthrow of our government.

And everyone in the CIO, except John L. Lewis, is a Communist, Hague insists.

The Newark hearings are of the utmost importance, bringing to a dramatic confrontation the two main forces that are now locked in deadly combat in this country—the progressive forces, represented in this case by the CIO, and the reactionary forerunners of fascism whom Hague typifies. That the CIO's suit for an injunction to restrain Hague will be won seems probable, since it is being tried not in one of Hague's own courts but in a federal tribunal. But more than that will be necessary to curb Hagueism. Condemnation and action must come on a national scale. It is up to President Roosevelt not to delay any longer the crushing rebuke he has it in his power to administer to a vice-chairman of his own party who negates everything that the New Deal stands for. It is up to the administration to start the investigation of Hagueism that is long overdue.

Indefensible WPA Cuts

UNDERLYING President Roosevelt's recovery program is the attempt to increase purchasing power among consumers, which in turn will stimulate industry. To achieve this end, the administration has asked Congress to appropriate funds for relief, housing, and public works; of all categories, relief is the most pressing and vital.

Yet even as the administration moves to inaugurate its program, Lieut. Col. Brehon B. Somervell, New York WPA administrator, decides to cut wages of 14,559 white-collar relief workers by 11 to 16 percent. The reductions save the project money—and, according to the administrator, bring WPA wages more in line with those prevailing in private jobs. Hours remain unchanged—130 a month—which means that for the same work employees receive less pay.

Thus 4,386 typists and clerks will now earn $60.45 a month instead of $71.50; 6,268 clerical workers will be paid $71.50 a month instead of $85.02; 3,466 in the same category will receive $80.73 a month instead of $93.47; and the remainder—less than 450 workers—will be reduced correspondingly in the higher categories.

The great majority of WPA clerical workers earn less than $1,000 a year, or, to put it graphically, their income falls within the classification of "bare-subsistence standard of living." On the other hand, prices have risen. Among white-collar workers, salaries such as those listed above cause particular hardship.

The wage cuts in New York violate the principles of the entire recovery program. What is needed is not reduction but expansion of relief rolls *at adequate wage rates*. The Workers Alliance has already protested the cuts and has asked President Roosevelt to rescind them. The protest deserves the support of all who desire recovery, of all progressives who see in Somervell's action a threat to the wage levels in all industries and occupations.

The Czech Elections

THE final poll in Czechoslovakia revealed precisely the same political trends as had the two previous ones. In the Czech districts, the reactionary parties suffered a smashing defeat; their fascist proclivities and flirtations with Konrad Henlein alienated scores of thousands of their former followers. On the other hand, Edward Benes' National Socialist Party and the Czech Communist Party, both of which had been urging national unity and vigorous opposition to Nazi aggressions, showed spectacular gains.

In Slovakia, too, the dissident Catholic Slovak People's Party, led by the priest, Andreas Hlinka, suffered unexpected reverses; the feeling for unity in Slovakia proved stronger than Father Hlinka and his autonomist followers had anticipated.

In the Sudeten districts, though the Henlein party showed large gains (the Agrarian and other German parties had amalgamated with the Nazis earlier this year), it was far from having achieved the German unanimity which an intense campaign of Nazi vilification, threats, and terror had been calculated to achieve. About 10 percent of the Sudeten Germans held out against Nazi pressure; under the circumstances, that is considerable.

Though the elections went through without very serious clashes, the situation in Czechoslovakia is still fraught with danger. What Hitler has not dared to do directly, he is trying to accomplish indirectly. With the cooperation of the English tories he is attempting to split the Czechoslovak frontier from within, through propaganda and "negotiations." Hitler assumes a pose of injured innocence. His spokesmen, Goebbels and Hess, proclaim him before the whole world as the angel who patiently guards the peace of Europe. At the same time, citing no end of grievances, most of them imaginary, they denounce little Czechoslovakia as an imperialist menace. This, it is intended, will be kept up indefinitely, until Europe reaches a point of nervous prostration and Hitler completes his military preparations. Then, when everything is ready, Hitler will strike, and strike hard.

Fortunately, the strategy is quite obvious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and need deceive no one who does not wish to be deceived. Experience in Czechoslovakia has demonstrated one thing: the collective organization of peace is a living and growing reality.

Gone With the Wind?

WE ARE happy to reprint the following from the "In the Wind" column of the *Nation* which, it will be recalled, wrung its hands in despair and doubt over each of the three Moscow trials:

> During the last Moscow trials Ambassador Davies, who attended them, steadfastly refused to comment publicly. But in a confidential cable to the State Department the ambassador reported that his own experience as a trial lawyer and his observation of the proceedings convinced him that the defendants were telling the truth.

The Fight for Spain

ON JUNE 9 more than twenty thousand New Yorkers filled Madison Square Garden to express their solidarity with loyalist Spain and their abhorrence of the unneutral Neutrality Act which denies the Spanish people the right to buy in this country the means for defending themselves against counter-revolution and fascist aggression.

On the same day, 304 prominent American educators and clergymen made a last-minute appeal to Congress to lift the Spanish embargo before adjournment.

Three days later, the national trade-union department of the American League for Peace and Democracy announced that twenty-five CIO industrial councils and central labor unions and 997 trade-union locals, covering every state in the country, adopted resolutions supporting President Roosevelt's peace policy as enunciated in his Chicago speech and calling for the passing of the O'Connell peace bill based on:

1. The distinction between aggressors and their victims.
2. The necessity of denying our economic resources to the warmaking, treaty-breaking aggressors and opening them up to their victims under conditions designed to remove the risk of our being drawn into war.
3. The necessity for concerted action to quarantine the aggressors.

These are only three of the most recent demonstrations of the great and growing admiration in this country for the Spanish people's heroic struggle for democracy and peace.

Several thousand Americans have given more decisive evidence of their loyalty to democracy, by going to Spain and fighting in the ranks of the republican army. To bring back those of the International Brigade who are seriously wounded and in need of medical attention here, a nationwide fund-raising campaign is now being conducted by the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Here is another, a practical and immediately effective way to aid Spain, which we cannot too emphatically bring to our readers' attention.

The Klan Goes Free

JOSEPH SHOEMAKER of Tampa, Fla., died from a Klan flogging in 1935. Over a year ago, a Florida court tried the men accused of the cowardly burning and flogging of Shoemaker. They were convicted, with light sentences, but the state Supreme Court reversed the verdict. Last week, they were tried for the kidnaping of Eugene F. Poulnot and Sam D. Rogers, associates of Shoemaker. The prosecution presented a lamentably weak case. The jury acquitted the Klansmen.

There is grave doubt that the accused will ever be tried on the charges still pending. The Klan still holds the upper hand in Florida. But the prosecution of these terrorists and their conviction — despite the subsequent reversal by the higher court— frightened the Klan. The night riders can no longer be certain that they will not have to account for their crimes. And in Florida the democratic front—death knell of the Klan—slowly begins to take form.

Changing Hollywood

FOUR years ago $500,000 was extorted from filmland employees by their bosses to defeat Upton Sinclair and elect Merriam governor of California. A day's pay was exacted on pain of managerial wrath. Only a handful of independent spirits refused. Movie producers then made a series of phony anti-Sinclair "newsreels" which were circulated only in California. Actors, writers, directors, and publicity men were used in large number to make these lying propaganda releases, but the public didn't know they were fakes.

Consider the difference between then and now. Thursday, June 9, three hundred members of the industry, from top stars to the rank and file of studio employees, met in the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel and formed the Motion Picture Democratic Committee. The central slogan was "Merriam for Ex-Governor," and the immediate objective was to enroll all studio workers, numbering scores of thousands, in the committee's ranks. Endorsement of a gubernatorial candidate was held in abeyance, but this sentiment reechoed through the meeting: We must defeat not only Merriam but anyone else put up in his stead to maintain big-business rule in California. We must see to it that the opponent of the Republican candidate is no mere Tweedledee opposing a Tweedledum.

Dashiell Hammett was elected chairman; first vice-chairman is screen writer Philip Dunne, son of Finley Peter Dunne of "Mister Dooley" fame; second vice-chairman, Miriam Hopkins; third vice-chairman, director John Ford. Virtually all crafts in the industry are represented on the directorate, which includes Dudley Nichols, president of the Screen Writers Guild; Major Philip Kieffer, president of the Junior Screen Actors Guild; Melvyn Douglas, Gloria Stuart, Paul Muni, John Cromwell, Frank Tuttle, William K. Howard, and Donald Ogden Stewart.

Actor Maurice Murphy, secretary of the committee, told the meeting: "In the last gubernatorial election the movie industry had about as much democracy as a Hitler plebiscite. We all voted 'Ja' for Merriam." The lineup and program of the committee ensure that there will be nothing of the sort this year. Nor will there be the issuance of any lying "newsreels" without a storm of protest within the industry and a glaring searchlight of publicity. Hollywood, in step with the increasingly progressive temper of the American people, is changing.

Blockade, a Rallying Point

NOR is it changing only in respect to independent political action. June 16 will see the national release of *Blockade*, a film based on the war in Spain which (although formally it takes no sides, names no names) makes a vigorous plea for the loyalist cause. This arguing of a controversial political issue is something new under the sun for Hollywood films. Franco's friends turned the heat on producer Walter Wanger to get him to change its content, but he replied with a categorical refusal, and added that the issue was more than the Spanish question or *Blockade*. "I am determined," he said, "to make a stand for the freedom of pictorial creation to which our industry is entitled." No producer had said so much before. John Howard Lawson, long known for his plays on social themes, wrote the forthright story, and William Dieterle, who made *Pasteur* and *Zola*, contributed his powerful direction. Preview audiences have cheered the film.

It seems that the American people are going to make it very clear that it likes honest movies on great social and political questions. This may mean a turning point in American film production. But not if the reactionaries, within and without the film industry, can help it. They may try to sabotage *Blockade*. It is up to progressives everywhere to see that they fail—that this progressive film is also crowned with the laurel Hollywood and Will Hays recognize: box-office success.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Forsythe's Page

Nature—Bah!

IN SUMMER when a young man's fancy turns to tan and an old man's brain turns to tar, it is the privilege of an author to do one article on nature. I have never taken advantage of this previously, out of a sense of decency. The truth is that I despise nature and have refused to express a love for it merely to fill a page which might better be given over to an advertisement, rates on application.

My interest has been enlisted, in a sort of reverse way, by a friend who is not only mad about such things as trailing arbutus but has set out single-handedly to wage the great final war against the insects. From being a man of gentle bearing, he has turned into a roaring flame at the very mention of the innocent potato bug. Scoffing at all current talk about dictators, he is firmly convinced that we have infinitely less to fear from Emperor Hirohito than we have from his master, the Japanese beetle. When visiting his country place one is almost certain to be awakened at the first flicker of dawn by a noise which sounds like the hiss of a cobra and turns out to be my friend operating a flit gun.

If there is any merit in science, he must by now have annihilated an army corps of little beasts, but by some curious dark magic the bugs seem to flourish in the most astonishingly healthy proportions in the very region where he has pumped the hardest. One must either conclude from this that the mixture in the flit gun is an insect food rather than a poison or that the enemy is throwing his shock troops into battle on my friend's premises, knowing that a triumph in this sector will be a major victory calculated to put the fear of heaven into all other antagonists. There is the further possibility that the flit gun kills bulbs rather than bugs. In any event my friend's rose-bushes, which start out so bravely, begin, under his swishing, to take on the aspect of despair. They droop, they seem to moan, they finally give a short gasp and pass on.

Because this confirms me in my belief that nature is a fake and that a summer home is merely a way of keeping hot during a cool summer, I may be giving it more than proper stress. All I know is what I have gleaned during those painful hours when I have walked over my friend's broad acres and watched his little children die. I have stood by his side and comforted him in those first bitter moments when the conviction has begun to dawn on him that his cabbage plants were about to give up the ghost after reaching the respectable status of weeds.

The whole matter of summer on the Eastern Seaboard interests me. The nearest I have ever come to perishing from the heat was at Delta, Colo., at an altitude of six thousand feet. This cured me of one myth and I was cured of another when the flies almost ate us alive during a picnic at a point 11,500 feet above sea level in the Sandia Mountains of New Mexico. Warned as I was by the loss of these illusions, I was still quite willing to share the enthusiasm of my city friends who began dashing off to Connecticut and Vermont at the first sign of a bud, crying that they would suffocate if they had to live another day in Gramercy Park. My initial experience in the wilds of Connecticut was as the guest of a gentleman who weighed in the neighborhood of 250 pounds and insisted on wearing shorts for his garden duties. By itself this should have been enough to discourage the insects, but they seemed to accept it as a challenge, not only leaping lightly from delphinium to petunia but stopping to nip him as they went by. When my rescue expedition reached him, he resembled an explorer who had contracted elephantiasis, being swollen up to double size, a horrendous spectacle.

In those moments when he was able to walk, he showed me over his home, which had been an old farmhouse purchased for $4,500. He estimated that he had since spent $9,200 on it in slight repairs, and felt that with a few added alterations it would soon be fit for habitation. As it stood, it was an excellent example of early Yankee penuriousness. It consisted of a living room, a dining room, and a kitchen, all of which could be lived in by a normally tall man if he had no objection to going about on his hands and knees. It made one wonder about the strength of the Abolition movement in New England, for any man who walked bravely with his head held high in that dwelling would have accepted concussion of the brain as a normal status of life. There was another slight drawback in that there were no bedrooms. The host and his guests, as I was soon to discover, slept in a loft which was reached by a ladder. It happened that the weather on the day of my visit was unusual for Connecticut. It was hot. As night fell, it seemed to grow hotter. By the time we climbed the ladder, I was in a mood to appreciate history and was rewarded almost immediately by a knowledge that the Black Hole of Calcutta would forever be a living memory with me, confirming me in my worst views of the British.

At ten next morning I walked into the village, sent a wire to a friend in New York, and soon had a message in return saying that my grandfather had died and my presence was needed immediately. I left with regret.

At the risk of losing all my friends I must point out that the farmhouses of the Eastern Seaboard were built to be lived in by ancient ladies and gentlemen who had not then heard of Florida. My knowledge of the matter has been obtained almost entirely from novels, but this is the section of the world where the hired hands, after eight weeks of being snowbound, went quietly into the barn and hanged themselves. They built the houses compactly and they built them to keep the outdoors outdoors. What the average summer dweller is likely to get in these antique termites' nests is suffocation.

My views on Bucks County, Pa., are prejudiced by the fact that I find the residents of that section compact of wit, beauty, and sociability. It has won the affection of some of the finest souls of Christendom, and I will confine myself to saying that when I drive from Riegelsville toward New Hope, I cling fast to my side of the road, thus avoiding the twenty-mule teams which are dragging borax out of the Erwinna Mountains. Surely nothing can equal the spectacle of a mule skinner answering to the name of Mr. Sid Perelman, holding the reins over his prancing steeds and reciting the opening cantos of Dante's *Inferno* as he urges them into a state of froth and lethargy. It must be admitted, however, that the nights in Bucks County are cool on cool nights.

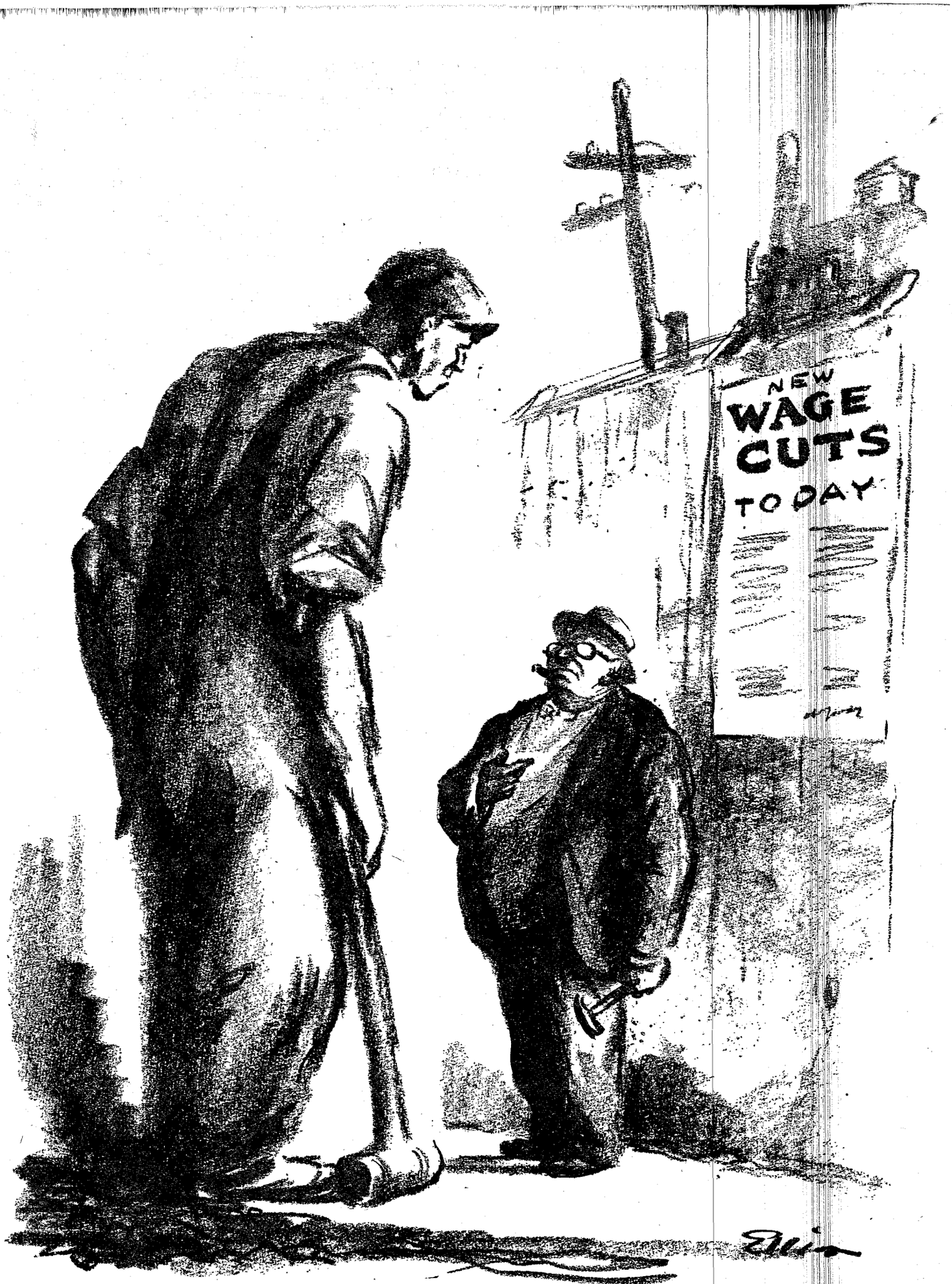
Naturally I am not attempting to build false beliefs in the minds of the folks of Rivington Street or Washington Heights. After all, a tree is God's handiwork and I am not prepared to say who provides the little beasties. There is the further possibility that good fresh air is not the blight I have always believed it to be. But there is nothing in this universe more lovely than a summer night in New York, with the hoof beats of the horses on the boulevards, the sweep and verve of the great ladies descending from their broughams to stroll through the park. Days in the grandstand, with a good cheer ringing from the bleachers; nights on the Avenue with the Vanderbilts out on the front stoop trying to get a breath before going to bed. Better, far better than the smudge pots of Jersey; better, far better than vaporous highlands of Vermont, with Republicanism, incest, and decay mingling so charmingly with the summer guests.

Eastwood

Out of all my summer experience I have known but one figure who caught my eye, a lady in Pennsylvania who had planted seed to the extent of $8 and had varieties of such profusion and in such proximity that it is only a question of time until she develops the rose onion or something equally significant. She will undoubtedly do it if she lives. Last week she was feeling slightly shaky from a sunstroke.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Fred Ellis

"What Helps Business Helps YOU"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FARMERS WITHOUT FARMS

The Migratory Worker Finds It "A Little Hard to Manage"

SANORA BABB

IN THE brief spring before the long summer heat, the great California valleys are bright with new grass and flowering weeds, fruit blossoms, and the high color of oranges and lemons, ripe on the trees. Sheltering groves of olive trees are gray-green against the delicate white and pink of apricot and peach blooms. Nearer the earth the picked cotton plants are dry and brown. Grape vineyards are not yet green, and the prehistoric-looking fig trees twist their strange patterns along the fertile valley floor. Across the open fields, vegetables are being planted or tended by stooping workers; in another county they are ripe, being gathered in by bending, crawling men and women with baskets on their shoulders. The farthest range of Sierra Madre mountains is pointed with snow, rising beyond the lower range. The air is sweet with spring.

"But you can't eat the scenery," a farm worker's wife said to me, "Even if it's 'most something to eat, and you can't hardly enjoy the spring when you're hungry. But it is purty, ain't it?"

It's purty indeed, and rich with food, but off the road, between the orchards, in cotton fields, even in the little towns, the people who plant and tend and harvest the crops are living in tents and shacks and abandoned barns. They are hungry and ill and sometimes cold in the California nights. In every direction the low and almost hidden tents of the migratory workers' camps accuse the absent owners of this ripening wealth.

Of the 250,000 migratory farm-workers in California, including thousands of resident Filipinos, Mexican, and Negro workers, the majority have migrated from the Middle West, leaving behind them mortgage-lost farms, bank-claimed machinery and animals, dust-ruined acres. This is another great migration westward in American history. The '49 migrants came for gold; in an older America, they come for bread. They have stopped in California because the Pacific Ocean has made it the last frontier, because the climate is mild, and possibly because the greatest agricultural state in the nation seems a likely place for an uprooted farmer to go. Here he finds a worse poverty, low wages, unemployment, and thousands who have come before him living in the same conditions.

They have no way of living through the three workless months—January, February, March—and in the whole year, they average about three months' work, bare support for the time, leaving them starving and harassed the rest of the year. Only recently government aid through the Farm Security Administration has reached some of those families who have lived in the state less than a year. Even this is a small and temporary grant of two or three months ending with the beginning of certain harvests. Banker-backed Associated Farmers has already begun to fight the FSA which came in only as an urgent measure to prevent mass starvation among farm workers refused relief from state and county agencies.

The full story of want and suffering and courage is beyond telling. When I walk along the roads, see the families in their tents, see them at their monotonous meals of flour-and-water pancakes and potatoes or beans, see them standing in line, hungry and humiliated, waiting to ask a little help, I think that surely no one can even *know* the presence of these conditions and not wonder at and question the appalling poverty and suffering of these people who produce the agricultural wealth which surrounds them but does not even sustain them. Yet I have heard the big growers, and the people of the little towns prompted by them, say, "It's good enough for them. They're used to it."

At the relief offices where the long lines extend out the door and into the street or alley, they do not talk much. They are hungry and it takes energy to talk. If they have made the mistake of asking at the state relief, they are wondering at the harsh answer, the cruel shoving and herding-out of the poor. These farm workers wait until the last food is gone before they will ask for help. Sometimes they wait two days without food, sure they will find work, trying to get up the courage to ask. Something in their strict Midwestern faces is unasking, unbelieving. A tall lean farmer apologized: ". . . just till I get a job. I never had to ask for no help before in my life. I always worked and wanted to do the right thing—I was raised like that—but, well, you see, my wife and kids' hungry. I declare, I've hunted ever' place for work, and there ain't no work. I only want this till I get a job, just so's we can eat and keep alive." These words are like the words of the man before him and every other man, repeating unconsciously his way of life, his stern sense of honesty, his genuine pride.

The face of an old man standing beside me was budding with sweat. He wiped his face with his sleeve and shielded his other arm carefully.

"What's the matter with your arm?"

"Blood poison in my hand, doctor said," and he showed me his right hand, red and swollen twice its size. "Week ago now, and it pains me way up in my shoulder and neck sompen fierce. Terrible headache too." The sweat was on his forehead again and he wiped it off.

"Isn't that doctor helping you?"

"No, he jes looked at it and said he couldn't do nothin for me les' I get $30. He figgered $30 would cure me. Fore that I went to the county hospital and the Red Cross both but they wouldn't treat it cause I ain't been here a year. I ain't never been sick a day in my life. I reckon I'll jes naterally have to get over it. Right now, my wife and me got only a mite o' lard left and I got to get a little sompen to eat today if I can."

"What about your hand?"

"Have to let er go, I reckon. When a man ain't got money, he jes lives or he dies. I sure worked hard forty years to end up this way." He wiped the pain-sprung sweat away and waited his turn.

Sunday is a special day even in a migratory camp. If there has been water and soap enough, it means a clean shirt and overalls, a clean calico dress. You can see them trying to tuck their week-day worries away in rest. The men are out in little knots talking, but they are talking about work, *the times*. The women, maybe, are visiting, maybe patching. The kids are jumping rope or chasing one another in a game. One Sunday in a camp I noticed a tent with the flap down and when I walked close I could hear someone sick, trying to breathe. I knocked on the tent pole and a shriveled old woman asked me in. Outside the sun was shining, but in the tent the floor was damp and cold; old dampness has a smell.

"I can't get it out," the old woman said at once, "I'm sicka smellin the ground." Her grown son was lying on a bed without a mattress, the ragged covers pulled up under his chin. His face was flushed with fever.

"Flu, I guess," he said.

"It's too bad you can't feel the warm sun," I said. There was nothing else in the tent but a camp stove, a skillet, a box, and bed spring on the wet ground. There was one quilt on the bare spring.

"It's his bed," the old woman said, "I made him sleep off the ground while he's sick."

"Have you anything to eat?" I asked her.

"A little flour and lard left. Wish I hadda handful apricots, I'd make Darryl a fried pie." She smiled at him.

"I'm all right, mom. I don't feel like eatin anyhow."

When I was leaving the camp, I looked back and saw him wrapped in a comfort, sitting on a box outside in the sun.

In a ditch-bank camp where tents and shacks fringed a muddy stream which served for drinking, laundering, and bathing, there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were a number of single men living a kind of communal life, sharing a dilapidated car and whatever food they could buy from the earnings of those fortunate enough to get a day's work now and then. In one shack with a family, I met two young boys, one seventeen and the other fourteen. I asked if they belonged to the family and they said no, they were just "visitin a minute." They had a few covers and they slept in the windbreak of other shacks.

"How do you get along when you can't find work?" I asked them.

"It don't sound real when you tell it," the older one said, "but sometimes we jus don't have nothin to eat. There's no relief for single men or boys, you know." The women began to joke them about getting married.

"We've been pickin scrub cotton, but that's over. We hunt for work all the time," the younger brother said.

"O' course, we'll go into fruit when it's ripe and maybe we can save some money. I want to keep Bud in school. I want him to be somethin."

"I want to study to be an aeronautical engineer," the young boy said excitedly.

"He's gonna be one, too, if I can keep workin," his brother said proudly. "If I had me a little piece of this valley to farm it'd be a sure thing then."

"Nothins sure these days," said the fourteen-year-old. I saw where the worn soles of his shoes were broken from the uppers and laced together with fine wire.

These accidental neighbors, bunched on a ditch-bank, town edge, or in a field camp, are more fortunate in their proximity than the isolated families who, without tents or money, have wandered into a shambled barn and there may starve alone with no one knowing.

One middle-aged couple living in a decaying barn with their only possessions, an old camp stove and a few quilts, asked me back for a visit. "Come any evenin. We'll get some new hay out of that field yonder and you can stay all night. Mother can make some mighty fine cornbread, but that's about all we can offer company."

These families are like thousands of others. Most of the tents are crowded with children. Most of them are clean. In excusing the box or lard-can offered for a chair, the intense heat from the tin camp-stove, or the cold, or the wet floor, the women say in their proud, unpitying way, "We never had to live like this before so it's a little hard to manage." And somehow they do manage to make good cornbread and rolls in the thin, battered stoves, to keep the one-room tents, with beds (maybe only a mattress or a spring or a pile of rags), a table, boxes, clean and in order. They manage to patch and make over their shabby clothes until they are more patches than anything else. They wash and iron under almost primitive conditions, and sometimes they carry the water for miles, even though the law requires water on the premises. They are a proud, honest, and dignified people, trying under the most discouraging conditions to continue their lives in the ways they knew before they were dispossessed of even their simple comforts.

The men seem to fare a little better in health than the women and children do. But to see a strong man, with nerves and emotions unhinged by hunger and worry, strain the twitching muscles of his face to keep from weeping, and sometimes to break and weep, is painful proof that none of them are for a moment free of the burden of their lives.

One day along the road a man had fainted. When he revived and sat up he tried to explain but he was so desperately worried, so weak, that it was hard to speak. He and his wife and child lived in an abandoned milk-house, he had hunted all the time for work, he had lost his car and had to walk, and now they hadn't eaten anything for several days. The night before his wife had had a baby. It was terrible because she was hungry, because she had had no help, because now she was lying on the ground waiting for him to bring a doctor, to bring something to [illegible] There was no way to get either, but in need he might *make* something happen. Th he had fainted. The baby was dead, but son how the mother kept living. Young women quickly look like old women, living like th

In this day of decorated hospital room bedside telephones, and Caesarean births, it shocking to find that these women are sub jected to insults and humiliation when they ask admission to the county hospitals, and most of them, as was this woman, are turned away. Sometimes a sympathetic nurse advises an expectant mother to go to the hospital in labor; her screams may admit her as an emergency case. Many of them have no other choice than giving birth to their already malnourished babies without proper medical care, lying on a dirty mattress or a spring on the ground floor, with newspapers for sheets, and possibly the help of the camp neighbors. Such a mother must suffer the heightened pains of an underfed body, and often find that she has no milk for her child. Other milk for

Ben Yomen

"Darling, you're going to have a front-page wedding! Papa's brewery has just increased its advertising budget."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

babies and growing children is a rare delicacy, almost unknown. It isn't hard to understand now that in the worst places the death rate of children is one or two a day. The national average mortality-rate for children under one year is fifty-two per thousand. In the San Joaquin Valley, the infant death rate for 1937 was 139 per thousand—over two and a half times as great. Refusal of the county hospitals to admit migrants has forced the FSA to establish the Agricultural Workers Health and Medical Association with offices in Fresno, Madera, Tulare, and Stockton. This will not provide medical aid to all migratory workers needing it, but it is a step forward in an almost unbelievable situation.

★

INTELLECTUAL SLUMS

IT IS difficult to realize that more than three million children of school age (between five and seventeen years) are not enrolled in any school, but such is the case. Moreover, there are eight states containing blighted school-areas where dwell more than 25 percent of those states' children unable to attend school for more than 150 days in the year.

To cite individual examples of intellectual slums—regions too poor to furnish adequate schools for their children—in Arkansas almost twenty-five thousand children receive less than ninety days of schooling in a year. In Wisconsin, over fifty-five thousand children receive less than this pitiable amount of school opportunity; Alabama has over eighteen thousand children in such extremely short-term schools; and Louisiana has over eight thousand. . . . The average child in South Carolina goes to school for only 147 days. In the rural areas, the situation is even worse; the average child enters his classroom on only 137 days. Negro children have an average of only 117 days of schooling in a year. When we realize that conditions which force abnormally short terms are usually accompanied by inability to pay teachers and buy necessary books and equipment, we can appreciate that in the blighted school-areas, America is building up a large mass of ill-educated citizens who may prove unable to cope with the complicated and pressing problems with which American democracy must deal.

The American Federation of Teachers fears that the present economic recession may deal a crippling blow to the tottering financial structures of many a school system. From states as widely separated as Florida, Ohio, Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, Tennessee, and Pennsylvania, has come alarming news of threatened deficits and curtailment of school facilities. The American Federation of Teachers is firmly convinced that if all American children are to receive the education to which they are entitled, the federal government must come to the rescue with financial aid.—PROF. JEROME DAVIS, *president of the AF of T, in releasing results of a study by his organization.*

LIE WITH CIRCUMSTANCE

A Story of Vienna Just Before Hitler

CORA MACALBERT

IT WAS the day of the fall of Bilbao, and we had been sitting around the clinic with very little to do. I had come down from Vienna to work in the Klagenfurt Hospital for the summer, because I had heard that a student could get good training there, and because of the swimming in the nearby Wörther See.

It hadn't been too pleasant for me at the Wörther See. I had been so pleased with the fine cheap room I rented facing the lake. But after a few days my *Hausfrau* told me I would have to move because my concertina-playing annoyed the other guests. I suspected her objection was a dodge, but I said, "Very well, I won't play any more." And she let it go at that for a few days. Then she said, "You say you are an American, but you are really a Jew. And I can't have Jews living in my house." So I had to give up my fine room.

Things weren't going too well at the hospital either. My colleague and immediate superior managed to get me stuck with urinalyses and blood-counts all the time, while he took for himself whatever interesting work came in. We hadn't been very friendly after the first couple of days of talk about Spain when he had said, "Herr Kollege, you talk like a Communist." And I had answered, "It is foolish for you to say that. I am an American down here to study medicine. What can I have to do with politics? But you, Herr Kollege, I believe you talk like a Nazi."

"You have no business to say that," he blustered. "Is it not against the law of Austria to be a Nazi? I am a member of the Fatherland Front. Do you not see my ribbon?"—pointing to the red and white ribbon which he wore even on his white hospital coat.

That didn't mean anything, of course; nearly every Austrian wore the ribbon. He had to, to get a job. And my colleague made it less significant by the white stockings with his knickers, which the Nazis flaunted since the prohibition of their uniforms. I didn't want to antagonize him, because we were to be working together the whole summer, but I couldn't help saying, "You know the popular story, don't you, that all the people wearing Fatherland Front ribbons are either Nazis or Communists?"

We let it go at that and tried to talk about non-political things. He had a high respect for his profession and often enough would tell me that doctors are an elect body. Their knowledge was hardly won and must be kept secret among them. They must always keep face before the laity. We disagreed about this, of course, but at least we could do it more openly.

But a Nazi is a very hard fellow to get along with. The meager news about Spain in the Austrian newspapers was always pro-Franco, and as to what was actually happening in Spain, I had to guess. At each reported government defeat, he would gloat. This morning, with the news of Bilbao, he was vociferous in his satisfaction. He held up the paper, thumping his fingers against the headlines, and said, "These Reds are getting theirs!" And I was so miserable I couldn't say anything but, "These Reds happen to be Catholics like you. If it's true, it's only a temporary setback."

His gloating presence was a hateful irritant, and when early in the afternoon he said, "I'll step out for coffee, you're in charge," it was a relief to me.

It was a little after three o'clock when two policemen stamped into the clinic, buffeting a thin young fellow between them. They told me they wanted his stomach pumped—that just as they arrested him he swallowed the evidence they wanted.

"Was it jewelry?" I said.

"No, paper," said the policeman.

"Paper?" I said stupidly. I was the foreigner and could make use of the foreigner's supposed stupidity. "What kind of paper?"

"We know he had papers on him with the addresses of his comrades. We've had our eye on him a long time. But he must have swallowed them as we picked him up."

So, the boy was a Nazi or a Communist. He stood between them, quietly defiant. He didn't look like a Nazi. No white stockings for one thing. And no swaggering arrogance. I had a hunch he wasn't a Nazi. "What time did you have lunch?" I asked him. He didn't answer.

"He never had any," said the policeman. "We nabbed him at noon just ing into a WÖK to eat. And had to chase him all over the restaurant too. When we caught him he was chewing on something. We've had him at the station house for questioning ever since."

Well, this was fine. If only I could get through before my colleague returned. I could pump the boy's stomach and there was very

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...ance that anything would show. The ...omach ordinarily empties itself within three hours.

"Very well," I said, "you'll find whatever you're looking for when I get through with the pump."

It was hard getting the boy to sit down. He clamped his teeth shut and wouldn't let me insert the tube. He wouldn't look up at me so I jerked his chin up. For an instant I held a clenched fist against my breast pocket where I was needlessly getting out my flashlight. He saw it. Our eyes met. His expression didn't change, but he opened his mouth.

I introduced the pump, and the stomach showed a few cucumber seeds and a bit of other indigestible residue in the gastric juice. The policemen looked at the stuff. "Are you sure the paper would be there if he swallowed it? Maybe it's passed on."

"Gentlemen," I said, "the stomach empties itself only after four or five hours. If there had been any paper there you would see it now."

"Are you the only one in charge here? We would like to consult another doctor."

As he said it, my colleague walked in from his coffee-drinking. Now let him show how doctors stick together. I began pompously, "Herr Kollege, I have told these gentlemen on my word as a doctor that the stomach empties itself only after four or five hours. Is it not true that had this boy swallowed some paper at twelve o'clock it would now appear after a pumping?"

"We just wanted another doctor to confirm it," said the policeman.

"Yes, it is true, gentlemen," said my colleague. "It is not a point of dispute among us doctors."

The policemen shrugged their shoulders. "Well, young fellow, back to the station house with you in the meantime." The boy gave me a broad grin.

When they had gone my colleague said severely, "I covered you up of course, but do you not know that the stomach empties itself in two and a half to six hours and that the boy could have swallowed papers at twelve o'clock which by now could have been digested?"

"Don't worry about it, Herr Kollege," I said. "You have just saved a comrade of yours."

"Also," he said slowly and pleasedly, "I didn't know he was a Nazi."

★

YOU THINK SO?

IT WAS not true, as used occasionally to be charged, that the *Sun* was always on the wrong side of public questions. On the contrary, it supported on occasion conservative platforms or candidates.—ALEXANDER DANA NOYES, *reviewing "Dana and the Sun," in the New York "Times" Book Review Section.*

CANADA'S FASCISTS

Duplessis Lets Them In the Back Door

TED ALLAN

"WHEN Canada becomes fascist the United States will follow. . . . Fascism will conquer in Canada in three years. . . . Premier Hepburn and Premier Duplessis are the forerunners of fascism. We are fortunate to have men in two key positions in Canada today under whom we can adequately lay the foundations for our final victory."

These are the words of Adrien Arcand, Supreme Chief of the National Social Christian Party of Canada, who boasts that his armed legions are better drilled than the Canadian army. His statements may seem farfetched; but the facts show that Führer Arcand has reasons for his optimism.

Arcand's claim that his party has twenty thousand members is, of course, a tremendous exaggeration. However, the fascist leader derives his strength not from the number of his followers, but from the conscious attempts of Premier Duplessis in the province of Quebec to smash every remnant of democracy in that province in order to facilitate Arcand's "final victory."

Arcand is strong also because Premier Mitchell Hepburn of Ontario, in joining with Premier Duplessis to fight Prime Minister King's program for national social legislation, has created an alliance to which the Dominion's reactionaries have rallied with the aim of breaking the trade unions, smashing the growing resistance of the Canadian people, and so creating what Arcand correctly terms the "foundations" of fascism.

Finally, and most important, Arcand is strong because behind this drive toward reaction and this attempt to uproot Canada's democratic institutions stand the gold barons, the bankers, and the great industrialists. The tactic of the financiers in the Dominion is to create a base for fascism in the province of Quebec. The fascists' dream is greater: they hope to use Quebec as a base for fascism on the North American continent.

The financiers and industrialists have found in Duplessis the perfect grave-digger of democracy. He is a former corporation-lawyer and, up to the time he became leader of the Union Nationale Party, was head of the Quebec Conservative Party. His background is perfect, as is his record since becoming Premier. One of his first acts was to see that Adrien Arcand became editor-in-chief of the government's unofficial organ, *L'Illustration Nouvelle,* which today is the largest French morning newspaper in Montreal. It is interesting to note that the owner of this paper, Mr. Berthiaume, also owns *La Presse,* which has the largest French circulation in the world, not excepting newspapers in France.

Duplessis made it clear, a few days after taking office, that his administration's main task would be "a campaign to wipe out Communism in the province of Quebec." What Duplessis meant by "Communism" was made clear a short while later when he pushed through his now famous padlock-law, which legally is described as "An Act Respecting Communist Propaganda." The term "Communist" remains undefined, and when asked to define it, Duplessis answered impatiently that a definition of the term "would defeat the purpose of the law."

The purpose of the law to date has been the raiding of about one hundred private homes and the confiscation of literature and private papers; the banning of two newspapers in the province, the *Daily Clarion* and *Clarté;* the padlocking of the Ukrainian Labor Temple halls; padlocking of *Clarté;* confiscation of periodicals like the *Nation,* the *New Republic,* NEW MASSES, *Soviet Russia Today, Fight, USSR in Construction,* all CIO pamphlets, and any book which deals with Marxism, pro or con.

When the Canadian people awoke to the implications of the padlock law there was a tremendous demand throughout the Dominion for the federal government to declare it unconstitutional. Prominent liberals and members of the Canadian bar, chief of whom was R. L. Calder, K.C., came forward with demands that the law be wiped out as "un-British, un-Canadian, and unconstitutional."

Premier Duplessis, who is also attorney-general, may, if he wishes, order any home padlocked, and the victim of the order has no recourse to the law. Declared guilty, he cannot plead his innocence or appeal to the courts, because another statute in Quebec makes it illegal for any citizen to bring any government official into a court on any charge whatsoever.

When the American newspapers began to catch on to what was happening to the north of them and carried a few reports of the raids, Duplessis denounced the reports in the press as a "Communist plot." In the legislature he attacked the staid New York *Times* for its reporting of the Quebec situation. When asked by reporters what he was going

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to do about the fascists in Quebec, Duplessis smiled, raised his eyebrows, and said:

"Fascism? There are no fascists in Quebec. The danger is Communism. My government has pledged itself to wipe out Communism." Asked to define what he meant by "Communism," Duplessis answered, "Only five men in the whole of Canada could define it."

The liberal Toronto *Star* and the labor *Daily Clarion* insistently pointed to the growing threat to Canadian civil liberties. It was when the campaign against the padlock law, against Duplessis and Arcand, was beginning to assume the proportions of a mass movement that Duplessis pushed the Catholic Church to the fore. There had been ugly rumors that the fascists were armed. The denials of Arcand and the belittling of the reports by both the French and English press in Quebec did not appease the Canadian people.

So, on March 20, 1938, Archbishop Coadjutor Georges Gauthier of Montreal issued a pastoral letter, which has since been described as the most open pro-fascist statement ever to be uttered by a ranking dignitary of the Catholic Church in North America. Archbishop Gauthier virtually called upon the Catholics of Quebec to take up arms against the "Communist menace" which he, in the same speech, described as a "handful of men."

The letter read in part:

> Let us deal with the campaign against fascism which is being carried on throughout our province. Are they not trying to create the impression that the real danger which we must guard against is not Communism, but fascism? . . . And if certain of our young people engage in physical and quasi-military training, is it not because we are not taking the necessary steps to combat the peril which menaces us? If duly constituted authority gives in to these suggestions, it will be the time to arouse against it all those who would defend themselves.

Using the reactionary members of the clergy as a religious cloak both in his campaign to lower the living standards of the people of Quebec and in crushing any opposition to this campaign—and strengthened further by the open support of the tory financiers expressed through their organ, the Montreal *Gazette*—Duplessis moved further in his attacks against the people and his preparation for Arcand's "final victory."

In quick time he passed a law making the closed-shop union contract illegal in the province. He tried to use the Catholic unions against the international unions, describing the AF of L unions as "hotbeds of Communism." But when he again struck out against the trade unions with his bill to make collective labor contracts a farce, the leadership of the Catholic unions formed a temporary alliance with the leadership of the international unions, to oppose Duplessis' attacks against trade unionism. A joint delegation representing both trade-union bodies went to Quebec to present their protests. Duplessis listened politely and told them he would "consider" their arguments.

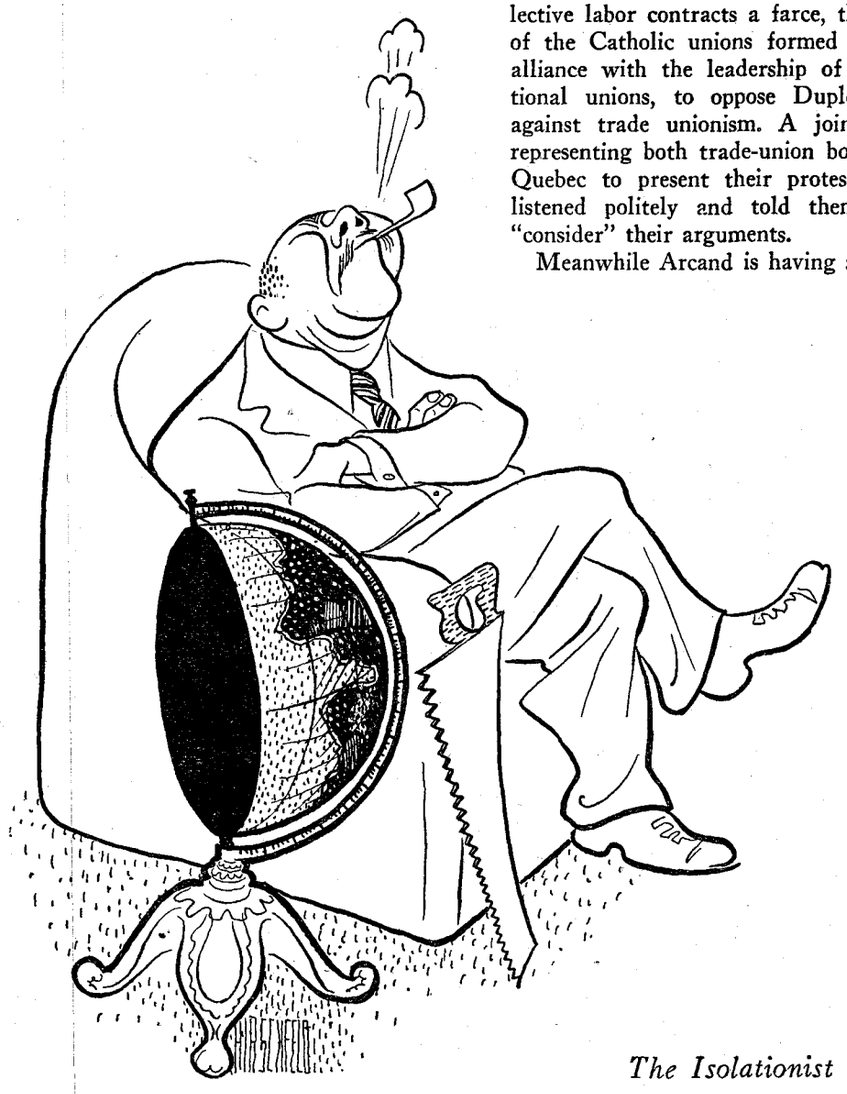
Meanwhile Arcand is having a good laugh at the expense of the Canadian people. The man has been in contact with the Nazi Party of Germany since he first emerged as a fascist leader. Documentary evidence proving this has already been published in the *Daily Clarion,* the Toronto *Star;* the *Nation,* and the New York *Post*. Kurt W. Ludecke, Nazi agent in America up to the time of the famous June 30 purge in Berlin, refers to Arcand in his book, *I Knew Hitler*. Most of the literature and pamphlets distributed by Arcand's party are either rehashes of material sent out by the *Fichte Bund,* Hamburg, or the actual leaflets printed in English and French in Germany. Recently Arcand published a scurrilous thirty-two-page anti-Semitic sheet, which he called *The Key to the Mystery*. This sheet was printed on the presses of *L'Illustration Nouvelle,* and one million copies in French and English were distributed throughout Canada.

Arcand becomes more brazen and provocative every day. He is now demanding that the Quebec government ban *L'Autorité,* a liberal weekly, because *L'Autorité* has attacked the fascist movement in the province. On the political sphere he can already chalk up certain victories for his own party. Three small municipalities in Quebec, including the important shipbuilding town of Sorel on the St. Lawrence River, boast mayors who belong to Arcand's party. He is expected to place fifteen candidates for aldermen in the coming municipal elections in Montreal, and will give his support to Mayor Adhemar Raynault, a Duplessis henchman and an open lover of fascist Italy.

The feverish drive toward the consolidation of a form of clerical fascism in Quebec can only be explained by the finance-capitalists' fear of the growing desire of Quebec's workers and farmers to better their economic and social conditions. Spontaneous strikes in factories, grumblings on the part of the bankrupt farmer have frightened the finance-capitalists who have always looked upon the Quebec workers as docile sheep.

If the workers and small farmers have been exploited in the other eight Canadian provinces, then the Quebec worker has been super-exploited. His wages are the lowest in the entire Dominion and vie with those paid to the Negro cotton-picker in the American South. His children are forced to work in factories because Quebec is the only Canadian province where there is no compulsory school education. Twenty-three percent of the population are illiterate or semi-illiterate. There are fewer schools, hospitals, and libraries per community than in any other Canadian province.

The Quebec mother knows that if she lives in Montreal the medical facilities are such that one out of every six babies dies before it is a month old. If the mother lives in the smaller municipality of Lachine, she knows that one out of every three babies dies before it is one month old. Only Madrid, Bombay, and certain sections of China can boast higher infant-mortality rates.



Hirschfeld

The Isolationist

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is with such a background that Duplessis shouts, "Communism is the enemy," and brings in fascism by the back door.

The agents of Hitler and Mussolini have not been missing any opportunities of cashing in on the situation. Recruiting into the *Deutsche Bund* and the Italian *Fascio* goes on apace and it is doubtful whether any country in either South or North America harbors consuls who flout the native laws with the impunity that the German and Italian consuls do in Canada.

Countless examples can be cited where German and Italian consuls have intimidated Canadian citizens of German and Italian descent. But it is because the Quebec form of fascism leans more toward Rome than toward Berlin (the Quebec fascists claim they are "Latins") and because in Duplessis' cabinet there are ministers who have openly proclaimed their admiration for Mussolini, that the Italian consuls go even further in their utter contempt for Canadian laws.

One speech made by Consul Giuseppe Brigidi of Montreal will be sufficient to show what I mean. The address was delivered to a mass meeting of the Italian Blackshirts some time before Brigidi was recalled to Rome to be promoted for his good work. This speech, remember, was made in Montreal, not Rome.

Brigidi is swearing in new members of the *Fascio:*

> Be careful before pronouncing the oath. There is no resignation—beware—from the *Fascio.* There is only expulsion of which Rome is notified. An expelled fascist is a ruined man. This is the reason, I repeat, that I invite you to consider before you swear. Once inscribed you have a great responsibility: each of you becomes a guard of *our* country. Here in Canada the situation becomes complicated because the majority of Italian residents, as in Montreal, for instance, have become Canadian citizens. But there can only be one leader. I believe I have kept my word even in this matter, for there has been no reunion, no important decision made in which I have not participated. Fascism wants unity of direction. . . . The advice sent by the Italian government, good or bad, you have to take it.

Here followed an instruction for the new members to gather in groups and repeat the following oath: "In the name of God and of Italy I swear to execute the orders of Il Duce and to serve with all my strength and, if necessary, with my blood, the cause of fascist revolution."

This speech was published in full in *L'Italia Nuova,* official organ of the *Fascio* in Canada.

There was a protest in Parliament about it, and that was all. Recruiting still goes on. The present Italian consul, who is a good friend of Arcand's, was interviewed by *L'Illustration Nouvelle* for his views on the padlock law. The consul praised the law, praised Duplessis, and attacked the Communists.

The tie-up with Italian fascism as well as German Nazism is further seen in the make-up of Duplessis' cabinet. No less than four ministers are named as members of a secret fascist organization, nationalistic in character, and admirers of Mussolini's Latinism. It should be mentioned at this point that the French-Canadians are descendants of Bretons and Normans, as Latin a race as the Anglo-Saxons.

In a documentary exposé* on fascism in Canada, Fred Rose, who was the Communist Party candidate in St. Louis, Montreal constituency, in the last federal elections, names the secret organization which is the brain-trust of the fascist movement in Quebec. It calls itself the Knights of Jacques Cartier, and lists the following cabinet ministers as active members: Bona Dussault, Minister of Agriculture; J. Bourque, Minister of Public Works; Onesime Gagnon, Minister of Mines and Fisheries; and Joseph Biladeau, Minister of Trade, Commerce, and Municipal Affairs.

A quotation from a confidential report issued by the Knights of Jacques Cartier carries this illuminating report: "We should note the chain with which our groups are encircling Central Ontario. This chain will choke those who oppose French domination in the near future."

Recently, after having managed to evade the issue for months, Federal Minister of Justice Ernest Lapointe has announced that an investigation into fascist activities and reports of arms smuggling was being undertaken by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

However, before the investigation got under way Commissioner Woods of the RCMP asserted that the reports of arms being smuggled into Quebec were "unfounded."

While the writer hasn't the reputation of always getting his man, Commissioner Woods should be informed that Arcand's Storm Troops have boasted that they have arms, and have specifically stated they have rifles, machine guns, and "plenty of ammunition." More than that, there is evidence proving that rifles have been smuggled into Canada from the United States, and Hartford, Conn., is named as the point of departure. And Commissioner Woods knows just as well as does the writer that complete briefs on Italian, Nazi, and native fascist activities have been placed before the Department of Justice, and these briefs would seem to hold that such reports are far from "unfounded."

Such a statement on the part of the head of Canada's federal police, before an investigation was made, should be reason for considerable concern on the part of Canada's citizens.

While it is true that the Liberal Party cabinet is being embarrassed and harassed by the forces of the right, by the Hepburn-Duplessis axis, and by the full weight of Canada's economic royalists, the belittling of the fascist danger on the part of the Canadian government is not only dangerous but criminal.

Trade-union leaders, the Communist Party, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, church groups, prominent liberals, student societies, women's organizations, the United Church, and thousands of private citizens have urged the Canadian government to disallow the padlock law, which has only been used as a measure to aid fascism's growth in Quebec. There have been insistent demands that Arcand's party be outlawed. On this issue the Canadian people are agreed. There is no doubt on that score. But the Canadian government has chosen to stick its head in the sand. Meanwhile Arcand extends his influence to Ontario and announces the formation of a Western section of his party. The Nazis and Italian fascists become increasingly provocative. Duplessis struts in Quebec and tells Ottawa, "Hands off."

Ross H. McMaster, third richest man in the Dominion, one of the Big Four who control every bank and large industrial enterprise in the country, gives the "line" for Canadian finance-capital. Quoted in the *Financial Post,* Mr. McMaster frankly asserts that as far as he and his partners are concerned, "Democracy is not the best form of government calculated to deal successfully with the problems facing us."

The Canadian people feel that democracy *is* the best form of government for them. It is now a question of time as to who will win out—the McMasters and the Arcands, or the Canadian people. American opinion would aid immeasurably in giving the vacillating government at Ottawa the necessary confidence to go ahead and wipe out the threat facing Canada and the entire North American continent today.

* *Fascism Over Canada,* by Fred Rose, New Era Publishers, Toronto.

★

ECONOMIC OUTLOOK

ONE of the main reasons why business activity did not pick up in the spring, in spite of the sharp fall in production last winter, was the continuance of heavy inventories of goods in the hands of manufacturers and distributors. The fear of inflation and, to a certain extent, fear of strikes, during the last "recovery" period, encouraged a huge accumulation of inventories. Therefore, when the current crisis broke, stocks on hand were so overwhelming that a fall to extremely low levels of production was certain for that reason alone. Even now these inventories in many industries are too high in relation to the low consuming-power of the masses. They may continue so until next year. And until they are reduced there is no prospect of any appreciable upturn in production.

Along with the continuance of substantial inventories goes a falling off in the demand for new equipment, for building supplies and machinery. . . . Under these conditions no real improvement in industrial production seems indicated for several months. On the contrary, the country will be very lucky if there is no further marked decline in business before the year is over.—ECONOMIC NOTES, *June 1, 1938, published by Labor Research Association.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Readers' Forum

A Letter to Robert Forsythe

[R. FORSYTHE: I delighted in your un-ıed encomium to George Bernard Shaw. I have been uneasily harboring similar ıt was bullied into silence by the frig-t the most, the pitying tolerance which : when I brought Shaw up in con-

the purpose of this letter is not to praise r hardiness (the times themselves, I am ill agree, cry out for Marxian revalua-past efforts), but to take this opportunity veral thoughts concerning the man who, elf confesses, "stands on Shakespeare's Also, if you will bear with me, I intend veral points you made.

, I suspect that Shaw today *is inclined* cism. (That you expect him to actually ism is rather surprising: he is sold— and barrel—on his own Life Force, a but he comprehends; in addition, Shaw, will never follow anything that other this, by the way, partially explains s to Communism.) From the beginning, never able to bridge the gap between the *people;* he was always aware of sically alien to them even while preach-m on street corners. Witness his coquet-ars with the vigorous (at that time) ocratic Federation, only to fall avidly ns of the embryonic Fabian Society at ption. He was guided, he says, ". . . by re feeling that the Fabians and not the would attract men of my own bias and habits. . . ."

arris, whose biography of Shaw you read, points out that Shaw has always ented with man in the form in which ters up the earth. Of course he disap-and attacked poverty, war, and the ch made man even more wretched than be. But Shaw always had his mind's listant future where the glorious vision rman, too much like a grand "pie in mpted him, rendering real struggle in time just a little bit foolish.

ate touchstone of true greatness must y be faith and confidence in the masses aine had faith, so did Jefferson, Rous-peare, Marx, Tolstoy, to name a few. n had unshakeable confidence in man, as he might be centuries away, but in ı of their own times. Shaw has every e greatness upon him but real belief r of the ordinary man to work out his if given the opportunity.

rust of democracy makes Shaw's ad-ussolini possible and even understanda-es his partial embracement of, and or, fascist creed believable, much as . Forsythe, hate to believe it.

oint is this: it takes more than brains fascism or Trotskyism; it takes a clear ıd a simple faith in mankind. Trotsky ıi have the former but lack the latter. t an intellectual, but he got an awful ıstrating that of the two faith is the ıl qualification. The man Lenin was he whole world profits, in his possess-these qualities to a truly remarkable

to Shaw, the playwright, I feel duty-ır up one misconception in particular, ɔeen plaguing me a long time and which you, Mr. Forsythe, have unearthed again: viz., that because Shaw's dramas present conflicts of ideas rather than personalities he should be especially commended for not boring his audience stiff or, even, for making them sit bolt upright in their chairs. I take irritated exception to this view, first, because Shaw can't help writing that way. He would look extremely sick trying to maneuver a pair of lovers (has he written a love scene?), a neurotic family, or the class struggle around the stage. Second, because I have never been bored by ideas on stage or in print (and neither has any one else I know) providing they were good ideas. And his are.

The reason we like Shaw (besides his wit) is that he appeals to our intellect, while other playwrights appeal to our feelings. He flatters us by ignoring our baser parts and going straight for what we are proudest of, our intelligence. He makes us feel that we are sharing some huge joke on the rest of the world, that we are part of his own esoteric circle above the crowd. Other playwrights treat us as normal people and we resent it slightly. They expect no more from us in the way of emotional participation in the performance than any other person who may be watching.

Long ago Shaw discovered that ideas if properly arranged could provide more excitement for an intelligent audience than the time-honored, "universal" passions, love, hate, jealousy, and ambition. At least, he found that his ideas did so. On this discovery he based the contention that he stood on top of Shakespeare. It has a logic, hasn't it? Posterity may even prove him right, which is the damnable part of it all!

However, no more credit should be given Shaw for presenting conflicts of ideas rather than emotions than is given to the sea gull for flying while the fish still swim. That he is a great dramatist is true, but was he *handicapped* by his choice? No! It even helped him, in the following ways: when all the characters are nothing but the several mouthpieces of the author he owes them no allegiance whatsoever and can puppet them on and off the stage as he pleases, always provided that he never stops pouring forth ideas from one or more characters left on stage. You must see that your tribute to his handling of old Shotover was not at all justified: only in Shaw's kind of drama could such liberties be taken.

On the other hand, the dramatist who is primarily concerned with his characters and the actions flowing from them is undertaking a far greater task in making his play move along smoothly than Shaw does. The first has to explore to the utmost the possibilities of action inherent in each of his characters in each situation; their movements on stage can never be arbitrary (crude revolutionary endings and melodramatic decisions that leave the audience far behind are exactly that), but depend solely on those possibilities. Shaw, by discarding the conventional playwright's attitude toward, and conception of, characters, strips himself entirely of any sense of responsibility toward them, and is enabled to regard the stage as his playground where he can play to his heart's content —always provided, again, that he doesn't become dull or run out of original ideas (which he did in *The Apple Cart,* but in very few others).

By the way, Mr. Forsythe, did it ever strike you as queer that Shaw, trained in classical music from childhood and an excellent musician himself, should have kidded and clowned his way through many months of music criticism as "Corno di Bassetto"? He did that because even then he conceived literature a tremendously superior art to music. The latter could but transmit emotion, the former ideas; and he had lots of ideas.

And may I burden you with one thought more? Isn't it just possible that in *Heartbreak House,* Shaw, in his own playful way, wanted to get as near as he could to presenting the Ninth Symphony on the stage? It's full of noise toward the end, did you notice? And like Beethoven's Ninth I couldn't understand all of it, but I felt it was a most tremendous thing.

JOHN BROOME.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Inquiry on Krasnoshokov

TO NEW MASSES: This morning's [May 24] Jewish *Daily Forward* carried an article stating that a former Chicagoan, Krasnoshokov, had been executed together with several other assistants of Chernov. The authority cited was the article in the May 24 issue of NEW MASSES. ["Wreckers in High Places," by John Sutton.]

On reading the article, however, I find the wording a little ambiguous. It states:

"Chernov was removed from office in November 1937. During this same period Krasnoshokov, Zaitsev, Klimenko, and Paskutsky left the public service in a like manner. That they were 'enemies of the people,' as I had so frequently charged, was established by the Soviet authorities."

Has the *Forward* correctly interpreted you as meaning that these men were executed, as was Chernov? Have you definite information to that effect? The newspapers here carried news of the execution of Chernov, but not, to my knowledge, of the other men.

MRS. B. LEVITT.

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Sutton Replies

TO NEW MASSES: May I reply to Mrs. Levitt that never have I made such a statement, for the simple reason that I am not in possession of such knowledge concerning the "former Chicagoan" in question.

What I did say is that Krasnoshokov engaged in wrecking activities in the USSR of which I do have personal knowledge. Further, I described in detail the nature of his activities as they affected my work while in that country. As to the fate of Krasnoshokov, Chernov, and the other persons whom I refer to in the article, she quotes me correctly.

At the time this account was written, viz., the first week in March of this year, only Chernov had been brought to trial for his crimes. Then I had no intimation of what sentences would be meted out to the other malefactors involved. Nor was my article intended to expound ideas of what would or should be done to them.

You will note that I expressly state in the second paragraph that "In this article I shall confine myself to an account of some experiences I have had with Chernov and other wreckers during the six and a half years I spent in the Soviet Union."

It goes without saying that I, a chemist with absolutely no connections in the judiciary of Soviet Russia, have the same sources of information concerning the fates of criminals in that country as do you or any other interested person, namely, the official statements of the Soviet Government.

When I say, "that they were 'enemies of the people,' as I had so frequently charged, was established by the Soviet authorities," I mean just that. That "enemies of the people" in the Soviet Union receive varying punishments commensurate with their crimes seems to me a fact too obvious to be commented on.

JOHN SUTTON.

San Antonio, Tex.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REVIEW AND COMMENT

A Writer Meets His Readers

BY WAY of preface to the Russian edi- n of my collected works, I should like to say how deeply I am indebted my Soviet readers.

The relation between a book and its author nges the moment the work is completed l ready for the press. The artist's creation lows the logic of an inner compulsion ich must not be violated. Yet in the very cess of creation the artist is involved in erimentation with characters and events. ey are the clay which he molds according his moods, his feelings, his hatreds and es. But no sooner is his work published n all the characters and events are beyond power of manipulation. They now have independent existence; they exercise their n influence; their images become linked h other images in the consciousness of ders. The images are transformed; they ierate new life, new creations, and new nts. When the author subsequently en- nters them, they often stare at him as angers. They have changed just as he him- f has changed with the years.

This independence of the world created the author, this separation of the crea- n from its creator, I realized clearly and th a sense of excitement when I first met Soviet readers. I discovered that my char- ers had become transformed in their con- ousness. I was impelled to examine my n creations with different eyes, just as one ks with different eyes upon a child one s not seen for a long time. I had a new areness of my work and a new awareness my own self.

In the life of the bourgeoisie, literature is garded as high-class entertainment, as a cury. It has no vital function. The bour- ois "loves" literature; he does not like to nounce it. But he loves and buys books as loves and buys animal pets. Before the war, bourgeois would parade his prosperity by ting aside one room in the house and call- g it a parlor. This "best-room" was not ed for actual living. It was a show room, ed only to impress guests. In the everyday e of capitalism, literature plays the same le. Art is the parlor in the home of the urgeoisie.

I have learned that in the life of the Soviet izen, literature is a commodity of every- y consumption, a necessity, not a luxury. he Soviet reader sees in the writer the ident of the soul. He needs him, just as he eds the instructor in physical culture. For e reader in the capitalist world literary characters are puppets, chess figures, with which he whiles away his leisure time. For the Soviet reader they are real beings. They are valued not only for their "beauty" or their "fineness," but for their correspondence to *reality*. When people portrayed in books come in contact with the Soviet reader, they must justify themselves. They must prove their reality.

That was one of the most important truths that I learned upon meeting my Soviet readers. When I had to reply to their sometimes merciless questions about my books and characters, I understood how fragile some of my images were, how capricious and arbitrary were some of the lives and circumstances depicted in my books. But I also understood the causes of this weakness and found the source of my errors. I succeeded in more clearly understanding my past work, and I began to realize the inexorable logic in my development as a writer.

Now I know that my career was determined by two major experiences: the imperialist war, and the Socialist society in the Soviet Union. Both of these experiences helped me to free myself from certain prepossessions of the class into which I was born and in which I spent the greater part of my life.

When I look back, I gratefully recognize that fate had opportunely deterred me from mere estheticism. Experience taught me to correlate form and content. I realize that the line of my dramatic and epic development grows in its intellectual significance, and that in this development the existence of the Socialist society has played a major part.

John Heliker

From this point of view, and in correspondence with the growth of the author's basic ideas, it is not difficult to divide my novels into three groups. Three books have attempted to portray the conflict of the individual and society: the rebellion of the highly individualistic being against a social order which is becoming increasingly irrational. These novels are: *Power, The Ugly Duchess,* and *The Pretender*. Then comes the Josephus trilogy, of which two books have already been written: *The Jew of Rome* and *The Sons*. This trilogy attempts to portray the conflict between nationalism and internationalism. The purpose here is to show that a man can be devoted to his nation and yet retain an international perspective. The solution of the national problem in the Soviet Union has helped me a great deal in this work. Finally, there is the tetralogy, *We Germans of the Twentieth Century,* of which so far *Success* and *The Oppermanns* have appeared. The third novel, *Exile,* I am now in the process of writing. The source of my confidence that I shall be able to write the concluding novel, *Return,* is the existence of the mighty Soviet Union.

Now a few words about my writing technique. The technique of the historical novel I have evolved for myself has been the cause of much critical debate. It was frequently imitated but rarely comprehended. This is no place to expatiate on the reasons why, in accordance with my individual manner of reaction to people and events, I often find myself compelled to portray contemporary reality in the form of the historical novel. I do it because I strive to recreate the picture with the greatest possible accuracy. I shall merely say that this is an individual matter, characteristic only of this author. Therefore, mechanical imitation of this method is bound to bring erroneous results, and no general laws of the writer's technique. universally applicable, can be derived from However, I acknowledge that in my firs historical novels, I did not fully succ avoiding that play of fantasy which this method often encourages, and that I did not therefore always escape the temptation of estheticism. In the first two books, one can find what the Soviet critics call "formalism" (permit me to remark in passing that in my opinion this conception of formalism is often abused and that this exaggerated opposition to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it involves the danger of invading the *sanctum sanctorum* of the artist).

I feel that at present I can offer greater resistance to the allurements of formalism than before. It seems to me that I have found a method of determining to what extent a given work of art (or a section of it) is artistic. The pure esthetes have always recognized as real only such a work as met with the approval of the connoisseur. As a reaction to this one-sided attitude, the thought naturally occurred that only such a book has the right to live that is capable of absorbing the masses. But I believe that a work which has any claims to being a work of art must get the recognition of both the connoisseurs and the masses. What satisfies the masses but does not satisfy the expert is created from materials which are too shoddy, and is, therefore, without the element of permanence. A work of art which moves only the experts but not the masses does so exclusively because of its form and not its content, and is therefore also ephemeral. Only that work of art can have any claim to permanence which moves both the masses and the connoisseur. Meeting my Soviet readers has confirmed this thought.

Among all the editions of my collected works, the present Russian edition shows the most rational arrangement of the material. I hope that the Soviet readers' contact with this edition will give them as much joy and profit as I received from meeting them, and that the edition will thus do its modest part in strengthening and improving that beautiful new world which my Soviet readers have helped to create.

LION FEUCHTWANGER.

The House that Jack Built

HOUSE OF ALL NATIONS, *by Christina Stead. Simon & Schuster. $3.*

TO THE uninitiate, banking is an impressive mystery. And, like all mysteries, there is a paradox at the bottom of it. The architecture of banks symbolizes security. The very idea of a safety-deposit box is a consolation in an unstable world. But even a modest fling in the stock market awakens the disturbing reflection that this security must be for somebody else, and that the banking system does not exist solely for the profit of the average customer.

Miss Stead spent five years in Europe studying the ways of bankers, and she has reached the same conclusion. In *House of All Nations* she goes behind the virtuous façade of the cashier's window into those inner rooms where decisions of policy are reached. The investment of the customer's money for the banker's profit turns out to be a nice problem involving no little discussion. Miss Stead seems once and for all to have disposed of the legend that bankers (at least on the Continent) are silent square-jawed men. For hers consume some eight hundred pages of animated conversation before they have safely ruined their clientele.

Charles Martin

But every page is an invaluable lesson in procedure.

Nor should the length of the book arouse the fear that it is dull or hard to read. Miss Stead has abandoned the involved techniques recently popular in the better fiction and necessary if the novelist desires to chase the vague subconscious of some distraught victim of circumstance. There are unstable personalities in *House of All Nations*. But conversation with other persons is not only obligatory for them in order to get business done. The very quantity of it is a protective device. When every contradictory impulse is laid bare, no onlooker can tell for certain which will get translated into action. That is the intriguing side of the novel for those who like the morbidly psychological. Such quantity of talk is itself a symptom of neurosis.

But the more noteworthy consequence is that the reader becomes part of an objective situation. He shares the excitement of those who live daily on the brink of riches or failure and listens to some of the most brilliant talk in contemporary fiction. The sharp wit of these bankers is as good as the drolleries of the drawing room with which we have been surfeited in fiction. But it has also the invigorating tang of a practical end. It promotes the ever-changing fluctuations of events. Miss Stead thus restores to the novel its purity of form by allowing her plot and her people the right of way and refusing to halt the action in order to say something sententious herself. She goes further, in fact, to secure the firm esthetic weave. If she does not divide the reader's interest between what her characters say and what she says about them, neither does she split the attention between what her characters say and what they do. What they say becomes an integral part of what they do. When the rich politician Dr. Carrière declares that "Patriotism pays if you take interest in other countries," his epigram is not the *bon mot* of an afternoon tea; it is the rule of conduct which he and his associates follow in placing their investments. In speaking to Jules Bertillon the Comtesse de Voigrand says: "There are poor men in this country who cannot be bought; the day I found that out, I sent my gold abroad." This avowal of her social idealism is not an abstract witticism from Rochefoucauld, but the recollection of an order to her banker.

It should not be assumed, however, that Miss Stead's bankers are of the ordinary variety, adherents to the old-fashioned belief that enduring economic law governs this process of making money without producing goods. Her bankers are conscious that the old world is cracking. They are, in fact, to a certain extent, Marxists. The Bank Mercure is founded on the Marxist principle of the decay of capitalism. Its owners accept the fact of an ever-deepening financial depression, and take their profits from those optimists who misinterpret a temporary rise in the market for the return of prosperity. Whatever of stabilizing insight the bank possesses comes from Michel Alphendéry whom his associates jocosely call a Marxist; and he puts the new rule into an epigram: "The only permanent investment now is in disaster." So the bank greets the advent of the Spanish republic and the growth of the Socialist Party in France, convinced that such social changes by inducing government expenditure only loosen up new money. In a world in which 40 percent of the foreign investment of the United States is in default, the house of Bertillon Frères shrewdly recognizes that the rules of international banking are not what they used to be.

The bank's refusal to be hampered by tradition or what little law is still recognized appears a cynical recklessness, though in reality it is only a complete lack of social responsibility. The brothers Bertillon have not been fools about their own money. When the crash comes, they have salted away gold bullion in various European cities. And though they go into exile, they have left assets enough for the lawyers to fight over in order to distract attention from themselves. Perhaps such foresight requires no great intelligence. Certainly in the day-to-day management of the bank none is in evidence. The partners issue contradictory orders, and bring the bank periodically to the brink of failure or exposure. But they play on because they have the gambler's itch and it is the one game in which the gambler does not have to lose.

It must be admitted that they are a fascinating bunch of scoundrels. Jules Bertillon, the head of the bank, is trusted by dowagers of title and young South American heirs because of his personal charm. The accidents by which the bank has profited they attribute to Jules' intuition. For both the bankers and their clients share that combination of sophistication and abject superstition which is the most common mark of the degeneration of a society. Jules' fits of generosity, the sums he pays to clients or blackmailers who have no legal claim upon him, what might seem his weakness in hiring as agents unscrupulous promoters whom he knows he cannot trust; these actions are not only the accolade he awards to kindred spirits, but more essentially his placation of the evil deities of Chance. None of them proceed from a humanitarian impulse, though since they appear to, Jules gets

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEE THE
SOVIET UNION

• ONE SIXTH of the world's surface beckons! An exciting, unforgettable pleasure trip awaits you when you visit the Soviet Union.

NOW is the time to see for yourself this tremendous social change. Visit MOSCOW, LENINGRAD, and other cities.

WORLD TOURISTS specialize in Soviet Tours, conduct you smoothly and pleasurably all the way.

Dr. Coleman's Cultural Tour—62 days —9 countries.	Anglo-Scandinavian Soviet Seminar, conducted by Miss Edwards—65 days.

TOURS AND CRUISES TO MEXICO
For efficient and personal service by rail, air, water or bus, consult ALgonquin 4-6656.

WORLD TOURISTS, Inc.
175 Fifth Avenue, New York City
110 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS FREE

ANY BOOK LISTED BELOW
IS YOURS ABSOLUTELY FREE
WITH EACH $3.00 PURCHASE*
at the WORKERS BOOKSHOP

Title	Author	Pub. Price
WORLD POLITICS	R. Palme Dutt	2.00
HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN WORKING CLASS	A. Bimba	2.50
WHEN CHINA UNITES	Harry Gannes	$2.50
SEVEN RED SUNDAYS	Ramon J. Sender	2.50
BETWEEN THE HAMMER AND THE ANVIL	Edwin Seaver	3.00
PROLETARIAN LITERATURE IN THE U. S.		1.75
STALIN	Henri Barbusse	2.50
BITTER VICTORY	Louis Guilloux	3.00
REASONS FOR ANGER	Robert Briffault	2.50
CREATIVE AMERICA	Mary Van Kleeck	3.00
ROAD TO EXILE	Lusso	2.50
PITY IS NOT ENOUGH	J. Herbst	2.50
COMRADE GULLIVER	Hugo Gellert	2.50
SKUTAREVSKY	Leonid Leonov	2.50
DAYS OF WRATH	André Malraux	1.75
WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY		1.00
MOSCOW YANKEE	Myra Page	2.50
MRS. SOCRATES	Mauthner	2.00
DEATH IN THE MAKING	Robert Capa	2.50
TRAITORS ON TRIAL	Verbatim Report	.75

• This does not include a few price protected books.

OFFER GOOD ONLY DURING
THE MONTH OF JUNE

•

WORKERS BOOKSHOP
50 EAST 13th STREET
N. Y. C.

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

this credit from them; they have the practical basis of savage incantations. And it is Jules' personality that dominates over the ineffectual protests of his less mercurial associates. Alphendéry, loyal and honorable alone among the group, after all occupies the useful, unhappy position of taking the rap and correcting the mistakes for which he is not responsible. But despite his insight, he is never one of the tribe, for he lacks that law of camaraderie among wolves which makes them turn upon one another when cornered.

House of All Nations is thus important for deeper reasons than its exposé of modern banking. What might be regarded as an extreme instance of the wild-cat bank, like the Whitney case in New York, only throws into the sharper focus the aims and methods common to international banking but concealed in the ordinary instance by the possession of greater capital and more devious subterfuge. However, the procedures of banking as Miss Stead describes them form only a special instance of a familiar theme. The neurotic personalities, the unscrupulous selfishness, the decay of intelligence and self-discipline among her bankers are only the emergence in the realm of practical affairs, of money, of the general characteristics of decadence. But it is perhaps a sign of the fatal nature of the malady when it spreads from the drawing room and the *atelier* into the vital social organs.

It is very much to Miss Stead's credit as a novelist that she has not strained probability to convey these conclusions. Though she has been compared to Balzac, whom she resembles in choice and scope of subject, she is unlike her great predecessor in that she never gives an impression of distorting the facts to create an effect. If her characters make fools of themselves, they are alone at fault. She remains the observer of their antics with a discretion of which only the exceptional writer is capable. The publication of her novel is significant evidence of the trend in contemporary fiction away from spiritual autobiography and toward an objective account of the social forces that work through the conflict of human wills.

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM.

Four Views of America

THE AMERICAN WAY, *by David Cushman Coyle. Harper & Bros. $1.75.*

HARPER'S magazine has published in book form the four outstanding contributions to its $1,000 prize contest calling for a "restatement and reinterpretation of American traditions and ideals in the light of new economic and social conditions."

Except for the last essay by Gerald W. Johnson, which is a lofty but quite meaningless appeal for respect for the dignity of the individual and more realism in politics, the discussions are thoughtful and provocative.

The SUB SELLER

Where are *you* going this summer? Before you leave, have a look at our mail. ***From China*** a doctor has just sent extra postage to have NM forwarded by air express to a hospital in the heart of Szechwan, where the mail can't get through. ***From Australia*** an old (in years only) Irishman writes: "I pass on NM after reading them and they are greatly appreciated by the Rebels and other progressives." ***From France*** an admirer thanks NM, "which brings to us so much of the real America. It is like seeing the backstage of American life." ***From Rotterdam*** a subscriber regrets that "we haven't a paper like NM in Holland." ***From Northern Michigan*** H. B. writes that "NM represents my only source of information about contemporary events and trends throughout the world." ***From Ausable Forks*** Rockwell Kent assures us that "if I were cast away on a desert island and were allowed one book a year, it would be a year's New Masses." ***From Denver*** in the Rockies, F. M. writes: "NM should have ten million subscribers. That would change the world for the better pronto. Those who appreciate its social value will continue to be WYFIPs* as long as they live."

**Win Your Friends and Influence People to subscribe to NM.*

Whoever you are, wherever you go, you'll find people who read, and people who need, New Masses. If *you* are one of those who reads it, and appreciates its social value, then *you* will be a WYFIP and use the coupon to introduce NM to someone else who *needs* it. So long! Have a *wonderful* time. And *don't* forget to write!

Charline Crawfurd
Sub Editor.

15-week Trial Subscription — $1

NEW MASSES, 31 East 27th St., N. Y. C.
Here's $1. Send New Masses for 15 weeks to:
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State.....
Occupation ss7

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

David Cushman Coyle, in his prize-winning essay, ably expounds the ideology of the New Deal. Liberty and democracy are twin concepts which best exemplify the American ideal. They are attainable only if we first provide all the people with an opportunity to earn a livelihood and then create for them a powerful government, subject always to popular controls, but strong enough to safeguard economic security from predatory attack. Mr. Coyle maps the broad outlines of a varied economic system operating within the classic capitalistic framework: small business, adequately protected; large-scale enterprise, only where required by technical needs and subject always to the impact of restrictive laws, heavy taxation, and the constant pull (in certain fields) towards public ownership; private, non-profit, service organizations, such as colleges, hospitals, churches, etc.; and finally, the cooperative movement.

Mr. Carl Dreher (described by the publishers as a "voice from the left") defines the American Way as "that complex of means and methods which will make life worth living for the American masses, which will reduce to social practice the aspirations of economic democracy." He mistrusts the ability of the leaders of capitalism to bring this about —they have too long defiled every traditional American ideal. The pressure must come from below, specifically the small farmers and the progressive labor movement, acting in concert with the liberal wing of the Democratic Party under the leadership of President Roosevelt. The same coalition, he shows, can also prevent the advent of fascism, whose dangers he analyzes clearly.

Mr. Dreher is manifestly a non-Communist but his article, except for occasional loose statements, is a sober exposition of the collectivist viewpoint. He clears away most of the current misconceptions about Communism and accredits the historical role of the Communist Party in articulating the needs and ideals of the American people: It is "granted by everyone with experience that no anti-fascist, no progressive movement today can dispense with Communist help. . . ."

To Dr. Carl Landauer, a German emigré who is a professor of economics at the University of California, the "American way" means economic and representative democracy as opposed to both Communism and fascism. In his analysis of the latter, which he obviously knows through immediate experience, he cuts through demagogic pretenses and shows both the destructiveness and destructibility of fascism. He describes it variously as "disbelief in the perfectibility of human life . . . a disease of intellect and emotions . . . and an expression of despair more alien to the average American's philosophy of life than almost anything else which may be in the mind of a human being."

Dr. Landauer is on less familiar ground when he discusses Communism. In his attempt to prove that it is antipathetic to the democratic concept and therefore to American ideals, he is forced to adopt the classic slanders of the professional traducers of the

Galilee...to Los Angeles

For weeks, this strange little story will linger in the mind—an imaginative glimpse across nineteen hundred years, spanning the Palestine of Herod Antipas with a Los Angeles football game . . . the quest of "a spell" with the modern exorcism of demons. Says W. E. Woodward, novelist and historian, "The conception of Mary coming into the future and never realizing that she is the Virgin Mary and that Christ is her son is stupendous. What a striking idea! And what a splendid piece of imagination."

Our Lady

BY UPTON SINCLAIR

$1.50 AT BOOKSTORES—OR FROM

RODALE PRESS : EMAUS, PA.

"The account of the football game between Notre Dame and the University of Southern California took place in December, 1933. I attended it, and found myself speculating as to what Notre Dame, Nuestra Senora la Reina de los Angeles, would have made of her city and her university and her football team, if she had been able to visit them after nineteen hundred years. So the little story started in my mind. I carried it around with me for four years before I wrote it. To me it is a lovely story, and deeply reverent. I hope that it may seem so to others." UPTON SINCLAIR

ALLABEN ACRES

The INFORMAL ADULT CAMP

ALLABEN N.Y.

350 Acres of honest-to-goodness vacation country at a 2,400 ft. elevation—in the vicinity of Woodstock. Complete Athletic facilities. Private lake. Tennis. Rustic Bridle Paths. Excellent social and athletic staffs. Entertainment and forums of social significance. Jerry Stern's Club Royal Orchestra

All bungalows and cottages with hot & cold shower—all conveniences

DIRECTORS

Moe Kaplan and Jack Lewis (formerly of Hilltop Lodge)

Mr. and Mrs. Moll—Mr. Barrow (formerly of Napanoch C. C.)

For Reservations

Write:—Allaben Acres, Allaben, N. Y.—Phone: Phoenicia 56F2
New York City Address:—535 Fifth Ave.—MU Hill 2-2676

New! :: Progressive! :: Modern!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOOD TIMES
Start on June 24th at
UNCAS LODGE
a modern adult camp with beautiful 165 acre New England farm
- 3 Fast Tennis Courts
- Private Twin Lakes
- Boating—Fishing
- Handball—Ping Pong
- Orchestra for Dancing
- Modern stage plays

Descriptive booklet by request

Special Rate: $21 per week June 24 to July 15
No additional charge bungalows for two
UNCAS LODGE UNCASVILLE, CONN.
Management: DIANA and ABE BERMAN
N. Y. Phone: SLocum 6-9327

A Permanent Investment
GOLDEN'S BRIDGE
Cooperative Colony
Golden's Bridge, N.Y., Westchester Co.
(via N. Y. Central just one hour from N. Y. C.)
For as little as $10 a month you can have an acre of land in this idyllic workers and professionals cooperative colony on a beautiful 8-acre lake. Social, educational, recreational facilities; children's playgroups. You are invited to participate in this unusual environment. Visit us this weekend and ask for Mrs. Rose Wynne. For further particular write to:
M. MARGOLIN
155 E. Mosholu Parkway, Bronx, N. Y.
Motorists: Use Route 22; in Golden's Bridge turn right to Route 138. No tolls, bridges or ferries.

Year after Year
people come back to
RELIS and RELIS
SWAN LAKE, N. Y.
Liberty 813 W
Ideal spot. Ideal crowd. Ideal cuisine.
All sports, orchestra.
$19 per week through June.
$22.50 per week after July 1.
N. Y. Phone: EDgecombe 4-3480

HUNTS BROOK LODGE
OAKDALE, CONN.
AN INFORMAL ADULT CAMP
- Tennis, horseback riding, boating, handball, dancing, showers, etc.
- Attractive low rates during month of June.
- Early reservation suggested.
- N. Y. Office: *22 Buckingham Rd., Bklyn.* Tel.: *Buckminster 4-7400.*
- Directions: *By car—U. S. No. 1 New London. By train—N. Y. N. H., & Hartford R. R.*

CHI-WAN-DA ON THE HUDSON
ULSTER PARK, NEW YORK
Phone KINGSTON 1329
On the Mountain Lake Esopus, overlooking the beautiful Hudson River. Social staff, dancing. All water and land sports. Fine Cuisine. Most modern improvements.
Directions: Train-Bus-Boat to Kingston.
Special Low Rate for Month of June
Jacob I. Doroshkin, 432 E. 16th St.
GRamercy 3-6454

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

Communist Party and the Soviet Union, both of whose democratic constitutions he appears not to have read. It becomes almost tedious to have to point out to readers of this magazine that American Communism is leading the fight today to preserve and extend the democratic process, is advancing on a many-sided front, by actual hard work and example, just those means and methods which Dr. Landauer projects as prerequisites to economic and political democracy. Dr. Landauer elects to be blind to "the record"—and in so doing renders a disservice to those American ideals for which he pleads so eloquently.

JOSEPH HASTINGS.

The Negro Scholar's Hostile Environment

THE NEGRO COLLEGE GRADUATE, *by Charles S. Johnson. University of North Carolina Press. $3.*

THIS volume sets out to give a comprehensive historical account of the position of the Negro college graduate, his professions and occupations, his standing in the community, his intellectual background, his prospects of future employment, and his educational and social philosophy. Since the more recent material in the book is questionable on many grounds, it might have been better to limit the scope of the inquiry to the period from 1826 to 1930, instead of continuing it to 1937. But the book has decided value for those who want to know about this general phase of the education of the Negroes. The historical chapters—on the Negro private college, the legal, medical, and teaching professions—are particularly informative. Many of the charts and tables supply a real need.

Each chapter contains a summary of the observations noted, and many of these extrapolations and conclusions provoke disagreement. While there is a laudable attempt to be objective in these summaries, Dr. Johnson's bias is betrayed in the unwarranted interpretations of his data. This is due to the author's "scientific" treatment of such unscientific procedures as personal histories and autobiographical sketches of cultural backgrounds. Also, Dr. Johnson, unexpectedly, seems to depend too much upon "reported" incomes of lawyers, dentists, preachers, and physicians. Although the data on Negro teachers is the best in the book, here too, invidious comparisons are constantly made, such as those between "Negro Graduate Standards with Yale Instructors," and the statement that "the Negro college graduate has a greater earning power than the American population considered as a whole." Such comparisons abound, and take away much of the book's intrinsic value.

Generally, there seems to be good checking of the materials in the book, and discriminate sampling, but there are also too many misstatements, understatements, and omissions. For example, in noting that religion and philosophy are among the three most disliked

New Reasons
for coming this summer to
CAMP UNITY
- More New Bungalows *(replacing tents)*
- BEAUTIFUL BEACH of clean white sand
- Another New Tennis Court
- A Swell New Program Every Week

For week-end—For a week—For a summer—the place to go is
CAMP UNITY
WINGDALE, N. Y.
$17 to $19 per week
$3 per day
CARS LEAVE daily from 2700 Bronx Park East at 10:30 a.m.; Friday at 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Saturday at 10:30 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. For further information call ALgonquin 4-1148.

JULY 4th WEEK-END
4 ROARING GOOD DAYS $14.50
Come anytime Friday
Leave anytime Monday
By the day, $5
Low June weekly rate, $22.50
JULY & AUGUST, $22.50-$30
Dietary laws observed

Everything's In Swing — the Music — the sports — the entertainment—the pool—the lake—the staff. . . . Camp-Life with Hotel services and facilities.
COOKS FALLS LODGE
COOKS FALLS, N. Y.
Telephone Roscoe 2-F-13

A vacation that's DIFFERENT
CHANT'S
ACCORD • ULSTER CO., N. Y.
Tennis ■ Handball
Swimming ■ Dancing
Inquire About Special Rates for "Readers."

THE HARMONY
...COUNTRY CLUB...
on LAKE ANAWANA
HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.
Special Low Rates Prevailing for the Month of June
- private lake and beach
- all sports
- sun pavilions
- tops in entertainment

CITY INFORMATION
DICKENS 6-3273 ATWATER 9-6669

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

major subjects of study, the writer lumps them together as one, and as "principally preparations for the ministry." Dependence upon not too recent figures and even upon unreliable sources will cause many demurrers to be made, such as his median salary ($1,104) for Negro women librarians, the reporting of no Negro law-graduates in Northern schools for 1935 and 1936 (the reviewer knows at least six), and the statement that the earnings of Negro physicians during the depression were decreased only by 15 percent. Two other faults in this volume are the author's failure to give a satisfactory account of the relationship of finance-capital philanthropy to Negro college life in general and to Negro graduates in particular, and the glossing over of the inescapable phenomenon of class-shifting in this country and its shattering effects upon the exploited Negro minority, graduates and working class alike. It is one thing to list the donors to the first Negro colleges and another to omit any mention of the effect of present-day philanthropy. It is one thing to speak of occupational shifts, but quite another to gloss over the causes of these occupational (and class) shifts, which are due primarily to the tightening contradictions of American economy.

The book is readable and relatively free of sociological clichés. If revised in accordance with the new data which could easily be secured, this volume would serve as a handbook of the Negro college graduate in a hostile environment.

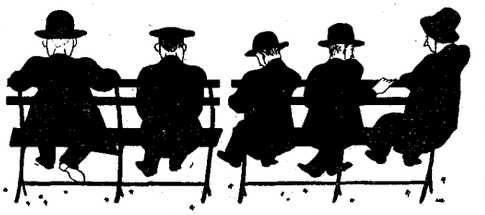
EUGENE HOLMES.

BRIEF REVIEW

THE INVASION OF CHINA BY THE WESTERN WORLD, *by E. R. Hughes. The Macmillan Company. $4.*

Practically all books devoted to China's invasion by the Western powers concentrate upon the political aspects of the relationship. This book lays claim to originality in that "invasion" is interpreted in the broadest sense; indeed, the political side of the account is definitely subordinated to the cultural. Out of seven chapters, only one is concerned with political history; the others deal with the missionary influence, Western political thought and education, Western science and literature. The author is now Reader in Chinese Religion and Philosophy in the University of Oxford, and resided not only in Shanghai and Peking but also in the rural interior of China. On the whole, his view of the Western "invasion" is complacent and rarely does he dwell on the imperialist distortion given to Western culture in the process of interaction. He tends to overemphasize the "natural" strain involved in adjusting Western and Chinese cultures and he underestimates the special difficulty in China's effort to assimilate the best in Western civilization under semi-colonial conditions. But it is a pioneer effort with especially interesting sections on China's new literature and political thought.

THEODORE DRAPER.



Malman

ON LAKE COPAKE IN THE BERKSHIRES
THE VACATION BUY OF THE YEAR
Low JUNE RATES $27.50 up
Complete Social and Athletic Staff
Full Personnel Throughout June
• 18 HOLE CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF COURSE
• 12 TENNIS—6 HANDBALL COURTS
• 12 MILE LAKE FOR AQUATICS
• SADDLE HORSES—FINE FOOD
• EVERY ROOM WITH BATH
Write for Booklet
N.Y. OFFICE: 116 NASSAU ST. PHONE BE 3-5590
COPAKE
The Island Paradise

ECHO LAKE LODGE
A Camp for Adults IN THE ADIRONDACKS Warrensburg N.Y.
JULY 4th WEEK-END
FARE & ALL INCL. MEALS EN ROUTE $25
IF TRAVELING BY CAR $15
WHEN REFUGEES GO "FOURTH"
With patriotic fervor we again welcome the LEAGUE of refugees who want to celebrate peace and freedom . . . or just celebrate . . . a three day program to be carried out as you see fit . . . peacefully . . . strenuously . . . riotously . . . But no matter what your constitution, you will have enjoyed LIFE, LIBERTY and caught up with the PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. This WE GUARANTEE.
Booklet "M" on Request
City Office: 545 5th Ave., VA 3-6665

VINEYARD LODGE
Ulster Park, New York
"Garden Spot of Ulster County"
Noise in the air . . . Too much to bear? Lovely hill and dell—Why not try a farm hotel?
We cater to young people . . . Whether married or single.
In Vineyard Lodge activities . . . All intermingle.
In June $16 is the rate . . . It's best not to procrastinate.
J. ROSENTHAL
Kingston 3430

SOUTH WIND
WOODBOURNE, N. Y.
FEATURES—JULY 4th WEEK-END:
RED GATE PLAYERS—authentic Chinese shadow plays—full length FRENCH SOUND FILM—PRIVATE LAKE—CLAY TENNIS COURTS—complete land and water sports.
BOOK EARLY City Phone: LAckawanna 4-4026

CAMP NITGEDAIGET
BEACON, N. Y. Beacon 731
SPORTS • DANCING
GOOD FOOD
Hotel & Bungalow Accommodations
Per week $17 • Per day $3
City Offices: ESTabrook 8-1400
Transportation: ESTabrook 8-5141

GREEN MANSIONS
WARRENSBURG N.Y.
IN THE ADIRONDACKS
A Modern Camp for Adults
• Log Cabin Club-House each room with private bath
• Private Golf Course on the Premises
• Championship Tennis Courts
• All other sports facilities
• Chamber Music
• Professional Theatre
Company includes: Howard De Silva, Ruth Nelson, Norman Lloyd, Olive Deering, Mordecai Baumann, Leonard Bickel and others.
Full Schedule of Rates on Request
Lena Barish : Sam Garfein
Directors
New York City Office: 11 W. 42 St.
Telephone BRyant 9-1738
ATTRACTIVE JUNE RATES

CAMP MILFORD
The Camp with that Wonderful Spirit!
IN BERKSHIRE HILLS, ON BEAUTIFUL LAKE
KENT CONN.
Many new features, new cabins. Wholesome food. Gay informality in a setting of rustic simplicity.
July 4th Week-End
3 Full Days $6.50
Write for Booklet.
11 West 42nd St.
PEnn. 6-7842
JULY AUG. RATE $29.50

So Near! (an hour from N.Y.)
So Far! (from city noise and strife)
ECHO GLEN
COUNTRY CLUB
near Monroe, New York
An ideal resort in the heart of the Schunemunk Mountains—unsurpassed in natural beauties and modern man-made appointments—good fun, good food, good company. For rates and information phone Washingtonville 123. Elisberg Management
Personal direction—Mrs. Lillian Elisberg Friedman

REST and Peace
at
MOUNTAIN LAKE FARMS
2500 FOOT ELEVATION
• Play what, when, and if you like . . . all sports facilities, but NO SOCIAL STAFF . . every convenience . . mile-long lake . . . only 75 guests . . . and only $20 or $22 per week. 400 acres in the Catskills.
UNION GROVE, N. Y. In the Heart of the Catskills Near Livingston Manor
E. Keiser, Prop. Phone Margaretville 94-R-22

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

camp farrington

(for children, 3-12)

• Situated on a five mile lake, 35 miles from New York, easily accessible. Camp Farrington offers a progressive outdoor program for thirty-five boys and girls at moderate rates. The chief goal is the child's well being. Season—July 1 to September 5. Write

R. F. D. 4, New Brunswick, N. J.

or

PEG BUXBAUM
579 Sixth Street Brooklyn, N. Y.
Phone: SOuth 8-8591

REGISTER YOUR CHILD NOW!

Camp Wo-Chi-Ca

Non-Profit Making
Non-Sectarian

2 Weeks $22
4 Weeks $46
8 Weeks $100
10 Weeks $125

$1.00 for Transportation

IN SCHOOLEY'S MT. PORT MURRAY, N. J.
ELEVATION 1,700 FT.
FOR BOYS & GIRLS
AGES—9 TO 15

NEW DINING ROOM
LARGER SWIMMING POOL
NEW ACTIVITIES
TRAINED STAFF + OSCAR
OUR NEW PERFECT CHEF

City Office: 80 E. 11th St., Room 613. Phone ST. 9-1357

CAMP CHI-WAN-DA
For Boys and Girls
ULSTER PARK · NEW YORK

We present a modern cultural environment for your children. All cabins with latest improvements. Reasonable rates. For full information write or call for booklet.
JACOB I. DOROSHKIN, Director
432 East 16th Street New York City
GRamercy 3-6454
Special Rates for Members of Progressive and Cultural Organizations.

LAKEWOOD MODERN SCHOOL CAMP

CARMEL, NEW YORK
(near Lake Carmel, Rte. 52)

A progressive camp for boys and girls from four to fourteen years of age.

Information and reservations write or phone
JAMES and NELLIE DICK
Phone: EDgecombe 4-6259 Camp phone: Carmel 334

CAMP INDRA

LOWER BERKSHIRES
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Elevation 900 feet, 52 miles from New York. Swimming, boating, fishing, private lake, arts, crafts. Trained staff. Careful balance of rest and play. Accommodations for fifty Boys and Girls 4 to 12. Nurse. Cottages. Booklet. Write to Camp Indra, Brewster Hill Rd., Brewster, N. Y.
Tel.: Brewster 2544

Camp Robin Hood

East Otis, Berkshire County, Mass.
(125 Miles From N. Y. C.)

For Boys and Girls, 4 to 13. 40 Children. 20 acre private lake. Modern conveniences. Trained staff. Progressive program. Music. Reasonable rates.

J. GREENBAUM, 9 West 97th St., N. Y. C.
ACademy 2-3625 Camp phone: Otis 7R4

CAMP LEBEDIK

In the Heart of the Berkshires
West Becket, Mass.

All camp activities. Progressive camp for boys and girls conducted by the well known teachers and counsellors

A. LEIB and BELLA PERVIN

Rates: $70 for 5 weeks
$140 for 10 weeks

Reg.: A. Leib, Apt. 14
346 East 14 St.
Tel.: GR 7-4766

CO-ED CAMP offers
SCHOLARSHIP
TO CHILDREN
Ages 6 to 8 and 12 to 13
Inquire Box 1544—New Masses

THEATER

THE 1938 biennial convention of the New Theatre League was so much like others in this broad people's movement that it would be trite to use the statistics of the credentials committee to establish the fact that color and life abounded there. The plain fact is that in New York City, from June 10 to 12, delegates to the convention met, exhibited their wares, discussed their trade, and planned for the future.

Friday night the convention opened at the Nora Bayes Theatre on Forty-fourth St., near Broadway. Lem Ward, director of "... *one-third of a nation* ..." was chairman and Albert Maltz the main speaker. Two short plays followed, both presented by Negro units of the League. First was Alice Ware's *Mighty Wind A Blowin'*, done by the Theatre Progressive of New Haven, Conn. The play, which won the George Pierce Baker Award at Yale, dealt with Negro and white unity among sharecroppers. A Negro family, with a background of tenant servility, is a bit worried about the militant trade-unionism of one of its members, and their concern seems justified until he shows them the power of organization in a way they cannot fail to understand. An evicted white cropper is forced to take food for himself and first aid for his son from the Negro family. And the result of the cooperation is a united front against the landlord, which saves the union-minded son from the chain gang and his parents from eviction. All this takes place in a half-hour and is rather a strain on one's credulity, but the dialogue is so authentic and the whole production so spiritedly executed that the hasty conversion seems less embarrassing.

In the intermission Lem Ward again took over and first introduced Millen Brand, who spoke to the delegates, not irrelevantly, on Washington's attitude toward the arms embargo against the Spanish government. Richard Wright, Anna Louise Strong, Marc Blitzstein, and others were introduced.

Charles Martin

HILLTOP LODGE
ON SYLVAN LAKE

HOPEWELL JUNCTION, NEW YORK
Telephone: Hopewell Junction 176
(Only 65 Miles from New York City)
N. Y. Central to Pawling, N. Y.

WEEK-END RATES $3.50 Per Day
RATES TO JUNE 24 $20 Per Week

Activities

GOLF • TENNIS • PING PONG
SWIMMING • BOATING • FISHING
HORSEBACK RIDING • HANDBALL
BASKETBALL • DANCING • FORUMS
CONCERTS • CHAMBER MUSIC
DRAMATICS

NEW COTTAGES SOLARIUMS
ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

DIRECTORS:
PAUL WOLFSON SOL ROTHAUSER

New York Office: 200 BROADWAY
Telephone: COrtlandt 7-3958

TIMBERLAND
A Modern Camp for Adults
Booklet on Request
35 W. 42nd St.
PEnn. 6-7663

The Rare Charm of an Intimate Congenial Group

June $24.50 a Week
All Sports
Superior Cuisine
De Luxe Bungalows
Fare $4.65

TIMBERLAND In The Adirondacks
Pottersville, N. Y. (Warren County)
Esther R. Kessler Israel H. Kessler

REBECCA SILVER Invites you to
FOREST HOUSE
AMERICA'S SWITZERLAND

most picturesque spot in Putnam County. Excellent Cuisine. Miles of lake. 50 miles from N. Y. Special LOW rates for weekly guests. EACH ROOM FACES LAKE.
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y. Mahopac, 688 or 977

SACKS FARM

SAUGERTIES NEW YORK
Now Open

Farm atmosphere plus modern accommodations. Real country. Acres of Pine Woods. Very good food.

Rates: $17 a week

R. F. D. 1 Box 267
Tel. Saugerties 82 F 5
City Info. BU. 8-9683

Enjoy your vacation at
EAGER ROSE GARDEN

BUSHVILLE, N. Y. Betw. MONTICELLO and FERNDALE

All Sports • Social Activities
Low Rates for the Month of June

PHONE DRYDOCK 4-3328
OR MONTICELLO 571

ARROW-HEAD LODGE
ELLENVILLE, NEW YORK
SAMUEL SLUTSKY, Prop.

Rates $19
Per Week
for month
of June

Friendly, interesting environment. All outdoor sports. Riding Academy. Dancing. Entertainment. Make your reservations now. Phone Dr. D. Newman, JErome 6-2334

CAMP LINCOLN

SYLVAN LAKE HOPEWELL JUNCTION, N. Y.

Lakefront bungalows—Rooms—Tents—Individual Kitchens—Cafeteria Service. Season $40 and up.

N. Y. Tel.: STagg 2-6893

THIS YEAR IT'S
CHODIKEE
Highland, N. Y. Popular Adult Camp
Carefree! Friendly! Informal!
Rates $27.50 up—Write for Booklet
B'klyn Office — 1202 Kings Highway. Tel.: ES 6-4130

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TALL TIMBER
"Your Summer Home"
Lake Mohegan, N. Y. Peekskill 3275
On the secluded end of Lake Mohegan. Hotel facilities. Camp activities. Lake and land sports. 3 fast tennis courts. Handball, ping-pong, badminton, etc.
SPECIAL JUNE RATE $20.00 per week
Dance orch. Musical & other entertainment.
N. Y. Office 152 West 42nd St., WIsconsin 7-0998

CHESTERS' ZUNBARG
A Delightful Mountain Hideaway
bids you welcome to a week or week-end of Vacation fun. Here at the Zunbarg, not a thing is spared to make your vacation as happily hectic, as lollingly leisurely, as your shifting fancies would have it. Fine accommodations, varied activities, all sports, congenial company.
WRITE FOR LOW RATES
Tel. Fallsburg 53 Woodbourne, N. Y.

The FIELDSTONE
On Round Lake–Monroe, N. Y.
One Hour from New York
Swimming and boating on mile wide lake, tennis, handball, riding, golf and other sports.
By Reservation Only. Phone Monroe 2501

BREEZEMONT PARK
ARMONK, N.Y.
Pleasurable retreat for rest and solitude, among scenic hills of Westchester Co. Hotel with camp activities, 100-acre estate, private lake, sports, horseback riding, golf nearby, 30 miles from city, excellent cuisine, reasonable rates.
Open All Year
ARMONK VILLAGE 955

CAMP ANN SQUAM
ABRAM RESNICK
Director
Gloucester, Mass.
Charming
UNPRETENTIOUS on picturesque bay at Gloucester—fine spirit, whole-hearted direction. All land and sea sports. *Send for booklet.*

THE JOYS OF JUNE AT
BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE
for VACATIONS or WEEKENDS
Excellent tennis, handball, horses; swimming and water sports. A program to suit every mood at rates to fit any pocketbook.
Seasonal arrangements for families, with adjacent day camp privileges for children.
PEEKSKILL Phone 1403 N. Y.

Birdland CENTRAL VALLEY NEW YORK
Beautiful and secluded estate — 40 miles from N. Y., 225 acres of woodland — Mountains — 5 miles of paths — Tennis, golf, handball, swimming and riding, excellent cuisine. Open All Year.
Tel.: Highland Mills 7895
Management: FANNIE GOLDBERG

TWIN PINES
A Camp for Adults
De luxe accommodations in bungalows and main house . . . 3 day week-end, July 4; $13.50, $16.00. Full athletic and social program —intimate, friendly atmosphere.
TWIN PINES on TROUT LAKE
P. O. LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

The BIRCHES
on Ulster Lake Heights
ELLENVILLE, N. Y. Tel. Ellenville 301-F-2
8-room new bungalows completely furnished, on the lake. All improvements. One 5-room bungalow with fireplace. Swimming, boating, fishing, handball, recreation hall, woodland. 1400 feet above sea level. Moderately priced.
Information: D. SLUTZMAN, 2035 Ford Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Tel.: SHeepshead 3-8836

COOKE'S Storage Warehouse
209-11 East 125th Street, New York City
Telephone: HArlem 7-1053
300 Readers Used Our Service Last Year
Est. 1861 *Special rates to New Masses Readers*

Then the lights dimmed and a young Negro, carrying a suitcase with the words Harlem Suitcase Theatre illuminated, strode onto the stage and announced that his outfit was so called because it was portable enough to move from one engagement to another with only a suitcase to carry its equipment. The play that was to follow, he said, was about himself and was called *Don't You Want to Be Free?,* written by Langston Hughes. What followed was an exciting, impressionistic panorama of Negro life from the beginning of the American slave-trade to date—June 10, 1938. Every symbol the Negroes have known in those three hundred years was brought into play—the African tom-tom, the slave block, the overseer's lash, and the lynch rope—all of these and more, with episodes built around them, comments on their significance in the culture of an exploited race. But best of all, in my opinion, was a sequence of blues songs, sung and acted by Earl Jones, Edith Jones, and Moody Scrivens. I think the word should be spread that Langston Hughes, in addition to being a fine poet, can write blues with all the tenderness and plaint that *genre* can possibly take care of. His *Lonely Blues, Morning After Blues, Family Blues,* and *Weary Blues* were strong wine even in a time when Benny Goodman and swing have largely replaced W. C. Handy and his sorrowful melodies. But *Don't You Want to Be Free?* went on to a brisker tune, the marching song of the Negro people, knowing where their strength lies and who their friends are.

Saturday and Sunday the group convened at the New Labor Theatre. The central point of discussion was the relationship between the League and the trade unions. Reports from member groups told of their performances before the workers in the cotton fields, before pickets in Akron, before workers everywhere. A delegate from the Detroit New Theatre League's "sitdown circuit" told of performances a year ago last winter, when auto workers watched *Waiting for Lefty* from disembodied Fisher bodies. Delegates from Chicago, undismayed by the Federal Theatre's experience with *Trojan Incident,* told how they were rewriting Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* with a labor angle. Newark, which played *Waiting for Lefty* three times in one night recently, is at present working on a show called *Jersey City Scandals* and is sponsoring a prize contest for an anti-Hague play.

The delegates voted to sponsor a National Theatre Congress, similar to the writers' and artists' congresses, to be held sometime next year, probably in New York. They talked of drives for new plays, more directors, better theaters—an extension, in other words, of the work the New Theatre League has been carrying on for the past few years. This is the organization that first gave us *Waiting for Lefty, Bury the Dead, The Cradle Will Rock, Transit,* and a good many others. A continuation of that tradition would be satisfactory, but in its 1938 convention it promised a good deal more.

RICHARD H. ROVERE.

The Workers University of
MEXICO
offers a cheap and profitable
VACATION
- Drive From New York to Mexico City
  Gas and Oil Expenses for a Car with 5 Passengers **$5.** per person
- Room and Board in Mexico City
  Secured through the Workers University of Mexico **$5.** per week
- Tuition in the Workers University of Mexico—Summer School for Foreigners **$3.** per week

Two-, Four- and Six-Week Courses In English and Spanish
Write for Free Illustrated Catalog and Full Particulars
JOSE MIGUEL BEJARANO, Representative
Box 455 G. P. O., NEW YORK

TOURS TO EUROPE
SOVIET RUSSIA AND MEXICO
Escorted Domestic Tours
Write or call for special literature
AMALGAMATED BANK
11 Union Sq., N. Y. ALgonquin 4-1500

AMERICAN ARTISTS SCHOOL
ENROLL NOW FOR SUMMER SESSION—
July 5 to September 2. Day and Evening Classes in Life Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Poster Design, Photography. Related Course in Painting and Sculpture. Catalog on Request.
131 WEST 14 ST., N. Y. C. CH. 3-9621

!!!!! FIRE !!!!!
Webster Hall went up in smoke—many people hold certificates for the Gala Spring Festival for BENEFIT OF WO-CHI-CA, originally set for Webster Hall, now transferred to
CENTER HOTEL
108 W. 43rd St., N. Y. C.
Friday Nite • June 24
Swing Band • Carnival Side Shows
Floor Show • Valuable Prizes
Admission 35c—With certificate 25c

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN PRODUCTIONS

"A first rate musical show." *Watts, Jr. Herald Tribune.*

DENNIS KING • VERA ZORINA • VIVIENNE SEGAL • WALTER SLEZAK

in RODGERS' and HART'S Musical Comedy Hit

I MARRIED AN ANGEL

with Audrey Christie, Charles Walters and 50 Lovely Dancing Angels

● SHUBERT THEATRE, W. 44th St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

DUDLEY DIGGES

in Paul Osborn's Comedy Hit

ON BORROWED TIME

with FRANK CONROY • PETER HOLDEN

● LONGACRE THEATRE, W. 48 ST. Eves. 8:45. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"The Best Show in Town." —*Walter Winchell.*

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
WALTER WANGER presents

BLOCKADE

co-starring
MADELEINE CARROLL HENRY FONDA

Released Through UNITED ARTISTS

GALA STAGE REVUE SYMPHONY ORCH
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

Seats Now for Next Twelve Weeks

"PINS and NEEDLES"

HIT REVUE OF THE SEASON
with ILGWU Players. Music and Lyrics by Harold J. Rome.
Staged by Charles Friedman
NEW YORK—LABOR STAGE, 106 West 39th St., BR 9-1163.
Evenings 8:40; Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40
AIR-CONDITIONED THEATRE

THE WHOLE TOWN'S RAVING ABOUT OUR NEW LOW PRICE FOREIGN PICTURE POLICY
AIR COOLED

10c to noon **APOLLO** 42nd St. West of Broadway LO 3-1106 15c to 6 p.m.

CONTINUOUS 8 A.M. TO 2 A.M.—Write for Weekly Program

ABRAHAM LINCOLN BOAT RIDE

SATURDAY JUNE 25

Leave Pier 1, Battery, at 9 A.M. on S.S. CLERMONT
Return from Hook Mountain by Moonlight

Help Bring Back Several Hundred Wounded Americans

MUSIC SPORTS DANCING FOLK DANCES SWIMMING GAMES

Tickets $1.00 *Must be purchased from* FRIENDS of the ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRIGADE
125 West 45th St., N.Y.C. ● LOngacre 3-6215

REDUCE!

Special Introductory Trial Visit Offer

includes Swedish Massage — Electric Cabinets — Individual Exercise — Suntan Lamps — Badminton — Ping Pong — Handball — Paddle Tennis — Posture Correction — Bicycles, etc.

(THIS VISIT FREE IF YOU ENROLL)
courses as low as $10 for 10 visits

$2.00

ON THE ROOF WOMEN ONLY

GOODWIN'S GYMNASIUM

1457 Broadway at 42nd Street WIsconsin 7-8250

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

MOVIES

PASTE it in your hat that *Country Bride,* the latest film from the Soviet Union, is the happiest and possibly the best screen musical ever made. I don't usually burst out with such statements, being on record as a suspicious onlooker of Hollywood's struggles in the field. It took the Soviet Amazons of the Ukrainian wheat fields, roaring the songs of Dunayevsky as they follow the combines over the yellow hills, to bring this tortured medium back to life.

Country Bride is the story of the courtship of a tractor driver and a blonde beauty of the women's shock brigade who gathers the harvest behind his sputtering steed. After the completely Socialist custom of picking film stars from mill and field, the leads are Boris Bezgin and Maria Ladynina. You have never seen them before, and you may have to strain your eyes in crowd shots to see them again. They are as anonymous and genuine as the happy people of the "sunny South" of the Soviet Union.

We have seen many Russian films of the revolutions of 1905 and 1917, the wars of intervention, and the immediate post-revolutionary time. Here is the picture which was awarded the Order of Lenin as the best film of life in the Soviet Union today. It is a film of celebration, of victory, of peace. Man has been released for his basic struggle against nature. He has something to sing about! The gay peasants of the Ukraine sing of work, of love, with the broad Cossack comedy that we know from Gogol and their folk songs.

The picture is as big and round and full of sun and shouting as life may be where man has freed himself of his chains. These Breugelesque women, striding barefoot through the stubble, with their white teeth shining, have the truth that only the anthropological films of Robert Flaherty have conveyed before. The earth from which they glean the bread of the Soviet Union in the world's greatest granary is always present in the picture; how close to nature, in harmony with the seasons, the people live. The camera gets excited about the theme. It gets above acres of wheat, shows us trucks and tractors hurrying over the bright hills, composes hundreds of harvesters against the landscape. Then it closes in on a group of women with apple cheeks, sheaves of binder wheat across their backs, shouting derision at the unfortunate tractor driver who has fallen behind their killing pace.

The plot is a practical and comic story of the new morality of Socialism. A conniving bookkeeper of the collective, who wants to marry the heroine because of her great industry, tells each of the lovers that the other is a shirker. This threatens the course of true love. The plotter is laughably exposed in a broad comedy sequence, involving an ancient

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OPEN ROAD Tours in EUROPE MEXICO SOVIET UNION

You see how life is really lived—you meet the people—you travel with companions of your own mental age in a small informal group—those things best done together are done collectively; otherwise you pursue your own interests—services are generously inclusive—rates are moderate.

For descriptive circulars containing itineraries, sailing dates, social-cultural programs and rates address:

THE OPEN ROAD

Dept. E 8 W. 40th ST. NEW YORK

Cooperating in the Soviet Union with Intourist

HEAR

VINCENTE LOMBARDO — Pres. of the Conf. of Workers of Mexico

ALEJANDRO **TOLEDANO & CARRILLO** — Sec. Gen. of the Workers' Univ. of Mexico

Speak at a dinner conference by the International Industrial Relations Institute at TOWN HALL CLUB, 123 W. 43rd ST., N. Y. C., WED., JUNE 22, 7 P. M. Price $2.

Reservations: Room 700—130 E. 22nd St. GRamercy 5-7060. Ex. 102.

ELEMENTARY PHOTOGRAPHY

A fourteen-week course for beginners. Tuition $6 for complete course. Register now. Classes begin Thursday, June 23, 8:00 p.m.

Call • Write • Phone

PHOTO LEAGUE, 31 E. 21st St.

GR 5-8704

CLASSIFIED ADS 40c a line

6 words in a line Deadline Fri., 5 p.m. Min. charge $1.20

VERMONT

JUNE is a perfect time in Vermont. Enjoy a vacation of peace & beauty with a small group. $12 to $15 week. Write Ethan Allen Farm, R. F. D. 2, Chester, Vt.

VACATION RESORTS

ROCKLAND HALL for ideal rest and vacation—excellent food—$20 per week—$3.50 per day. Spring Valley, Box 24. Call WIndsor 6-4235.

THE PINE PARK

Ideal. Amidst the pines. Invigorating high altitude. All activities. Dietary laws. Special rates. Lake Huntington, Sullivan Co. Tel.: Lake Hunt. 2. City: DAyton 9-8018.

VACATION TIME is precious. "Sunbathers" know it best. Seek freedom, joy, and better health. Find out about our Mountain Camp Membership. Write for information now. N. M., Box 1545.

LARGE, TREE-SHADED country home overlooking valley. Completely modernized. All sports available. Horn, R. F. D. No. 1, Peekskill. Tel: Peekskill 1974W.

CAMP FOLLOWERS OF THE TRAIL

Ideal place for vacation and week-ends. New bungalows—tennis courts—swimming and all sports. Entertainment—low rates. By train, N. Y. Central to Peekskill, fare 75c. Write: Buchanan, New York. Phone: Peekskill 2879.

GLASSMAN'S FARM HOUSE

Martinsville N. J. Bound Brook 755J1

A place of quiet charm in the picturesque Watchung Mts. Enjoy a vacation of peace and beauty. Rest, relaxation, informal entertainment. Excellent meals, comradely atmosphere.

IDEAL REST, beautiful, spacious grounds, tennis, croquet, semi-private beach, moderate rates. Sea View Manor. Seagate 49th St. ES 2-9433.

THE TULIP TREES—The American Riviera. 35 minutes from South Ferry. Call or write: 45 Chicago Ave., Arrochar Park, Staten Island, N. Y. GIbraltar 7-5862.

with a shotgun who chases the distorter over hill and dale.

At the joyful dance celebrating the end of the harvest, after the leading workers have received their prizes, the younger fry begin to waltz to the strains of the wonderfully heterogeneous brass band of the collective. Then grandpa gets disgusted and takes the middle of the floor to liven things up with the old, leg-kicking *hopak,* and the young join him, in illustration of the fact that old cultural ways are not lost in the modernization under the Soviets.

Stalin's reflection, "Life has become more joyous, comrades," is amply demonstrated in this happy, robust picture of the people who have the fullest life in the world today. They have something to sing about.

Another Hollywood company drops a neat curtsy to Dr. Goebbels and begs his pardon for hazarding a few honest statements about post-war Germany. *Three Comrades,* MGM's version of Erich Maria Remarque's story of three youthful veterans who go back to the ruins of life after the great war, was adapted by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edward E. Paramore. Their script was full of contemporary meaning. There were episodes condemning Nazi Jew-baiting, they dared to show the books burning. There is an uncomfortable air of foreboding in the street fights of the twenties—Nazis and junkers against Catholics, Communists, and Social Democrats.

Mr. Will Hays clicked his scissors, smiled the twisted smile, and the meaning of the picture fell to the cutting-room floor. Hitler's will was done, and Mr. Hays saved his face with all right-thinking men.

Three Comrades is an outstanding picture, for the atmosphere I have mentioned, for the noble performance of Margaret Sullavan as the tubercular girl who loved our three comrades, for Gottfried's (Robert Young) conscience which will not let him rest, and for the unrelieved, step-by-step development of the degradation of youth in the sick society of imperialism. Franchot Tone is matter-of-fact Otto, who took things capably as they came and tracked down the slayer of Gottfried. He is always good. Robert Taylor plays Erich, the romanticist, who marries the dying girl. Opposite Miss Sullavan's superb playing, he gives an impression best described in the words of Liam O'Laoghaire, film critic of *Ireland Today,* who said of Taylor, playing opposite Garbo in *Camille,* "At times, he must have been a considerable strain on Garbo's imagination."

JAMES DUGAN.

Sid Gotcliffe

CLASSIFIED ADS 40c a line

6 words in a line Deadline Fri., 5 p.m. Min. charge $1.20

MODERN FARM, beautiful country, own farm products used. Lake—fishing, boating, swim, tennis, handball, ping pong. Special rates for groups. Rosedale Cottage, L. Bronstein, Ulster Heights, Ellenville, N. Y.

INFORMAL, SPACIOUS, summer home. Lake country. 29 miles city. Boating, fishing, swimming, good food. $15 a week. Special arrangement whole summer. Call SH 3-5195—Pessak.

FOR RENT—APARTMENTS & ROOMS

CHARMING, COMFORTABLE 3½ room apartment. Furnished. Reasonable. Knickerbocker Village. 10 Monroe St., Apt. LK7. Inq. mornings or evgs.

ATTRACTIVE STUDIO, furnished or unfurnished. Reasonable. Comradely atmosphere. All privileges. Inq. a.m.'s or evgs. Apt. 3F, 400 Riverside Drive (112th St.).

55 WEST 11TH STREET—Delightfully cool, 3 outside spacious rooms suitable 4 people. Tastefully furnished. Grand piano. $65 mo. to Sept. 25th. Switchboard and elevator service. Goodwin.

EAST 12TH ST., THREE-ROOM, furnished or unfurnished, to Oct. 1. Reasonable. Week-day afternoons, AShland 4-7455.

DESIRABLE MODERN apartment to sublet from June 15—Sept. 15. Couple or three people. Village, West 11th St. CHelsea 3-6859.

GRAND VIEW on the Hudson—two furnished rooms and kitchen. To rent. Very reasonable. 17 miles from city. Call ELdorado 5-3822.

WASHINGTON SQUARE STUDIO. Large, modern, 20 x 22 ft. Fireplace; bedroom; kitchenette; tile bath; fully furnished; facing square; one flight up. $75 monthly for July, Aug., Sept. Apply office, 47 Washington Square South, or Schreiber. GR 7-2672.

GIRL SEEKS GIRL to share apartment July-August. Lower Manhattan. All conveniences. Reasonable. Tel.: ORchard 4-3875 weekdays 5-7.

POSITION OR TRAVEL MEXICO

YOUNG MAN, wide pol., organizat'l experience—managed campaign candidate Congress. Radio, public speaking. Activities Washington incl. drafting legislation. Legal training. Have car. Lived all parts Amer., Mexico. Drive anywhere. Highest references. N. M., Box 1542.

SEVERAL PARTIAL SCHOLARSHIPS

available at a small progressive camp for boys and girls. In order to complete age groups we are offering reductions in tuition in the six and seven year old groups. Write immediately. N. M., Box 1543.

TRAVEL COMPANIONS

YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE planning two months tour U. S. beg. July 1. Seeking intelligent couple to accompany us. Dodge 1938. Share expenses. Reply Dr. Abraham Dubin, 13 605 Sanford Ave., Flushing, L. I.

YOUNG MAN, going to Maine for summer to write, desires to meet someone with similar idea. Share living expenses. Hans Lovig, 2 Middagh St., Bklyn.

MAKE MARIONETTES

SUMMER COURSE for teachers—amateurs—semi-professionals. Expert instruction in design—construction and manipulation of marionettes. Write F. Sullivan, 22 Grove St., N. Y. C. CH 2-7023.

FOR SALE

ARMY TENT, double decker, 14 x 14, fly 14 x 20; also new gasoline lantern, excellent condition. James Mellman, 1596 E. 22 St., Bklyn. Phone evgs. NA 8-5369.

MISCELLANEOUS

ART BOOKS WANTED: The American Artists School will appreciate the donation of art books for the school library. 131 W. 14 St. CH 3-9621.

INSURANCE

Whatever your needs—**PAUL CROSBIE**, established since 1908—**FREQUENT SAVINGS**, 135 William St., N. Y. C. Tel. BEekman 3-5262.

CAMP SUPPLIES

TENTS, COTS, BLANKETS, complete line of camp, travel, hiking outfits. Slacks, shorts, sweaters, shirts, breeches, shoes, hammocks, etc. Lowest Prices.

HUDSON ARMY & NAVY STORE

105 Third Avenue Corner 13th Street New York

GOINGS ON

PHOTO LEAGUE presents Beaumont Newhall in a lecture on "Esthetics of Photography" Monday, June 20 at 8 p.m., 31 East 21 St. Subs. 25c.

DENTISTS invited to Open Unit Meeting of Bronx Dental Unit of Communist Party Tues., June 21, 9:30 p.m., at Mt. Eden Hall, 16 West Mt. Eden Ave., Bronx. Discussion: "The Health Professions and the Democratic Front." Speaker: Frieda Ludwig. Collation served. Admission free.

WORKERS SCHOOL SUMMER TERM—Registration now going on. For descriptive catalog write to School office, 35 East 12 St., N.Y.C.

ANALYSIS OF THE NEWS OF THE WEEK every Sunday night, 8:30 p.m. Workers School, 2nd floor, 35 East 12th Street. Admission, 20c.

PHILADELPHIA: MUSIC & SOCIETY; series of Fri. evenings with ANTHONY BYRNES, during June, 8:30 p.m. Single admission, 25c. Philadelphia Music Center, 310 Juniper St., Philadelphia, Pa. ALL PROCEEDS FOR BENEFIT NEW MASSES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Fight for Life you will find NEW MASSES a faithful ally

PAUL DE KRUIF

—has been a fighter all his life. For many years he fought bacilli in the laboratory. He fought abuses and injustices wherever he found them." Now he fights them in books. This quote is from the review of his newest, *The Fight for Life,* by Dr. Henry E. Sigerist of Johns Hopkins, in *New Masses.*

Two Letters from PAUL DE KRUIF

March 1936

Dear Editors:

Believe it or not these are the first two copies (of *NM*) I'd ever so much as seen the outside of. You see, it isn't Red literature but the facts of life itself that have jarred me and shook me to my shoes in the cushy world—Dutch, Calvinistic, respectable, scientific, clean, Lake Michigan, outdoor, naturalist's world I've been inhabiting. But now that Mrs. De Kruif and I have been through all we've been through these past three years, we know all you print in your paper is true, and even understatement.

March 1938

Dear Editors:

New Masses is the periodical which may be called the spearhead of the people's front which all real progressives are trying to develop against the baby-bombers in this country. Of all periodicals coming to this house *New Masses* is the only one that each week I read from cover to cover.

NEW MASSES supports aggressively the demand for a national health program, for decent living conditions, and for every other progressive measure that will relieve or prevent useless suffering. A recent check of new subscribers revealed five percent were doctors. Whatever your field, you will find *New Masses* a faithful, *indispensable* ally in mobilizing the people of America in the fight for a better life.

☛ Every issue is filled with valuable information—Use the coupon to become a regular subscriber to

NEW MASSES, 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C.
Enclosed is $4.50 for a year's subscription (52 issues) ☐
Enclosed is $2.50 for 6 months' subscription (26 issues) ☐

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....
Occupation .....

NEW MASSES

America's *Indispensable* Weekly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED